# HARPER'S WEEKLY

AN EIGHT PAGE
WORLD'S FAIR SUPPLEMENT
WITH THIS
NUMBER

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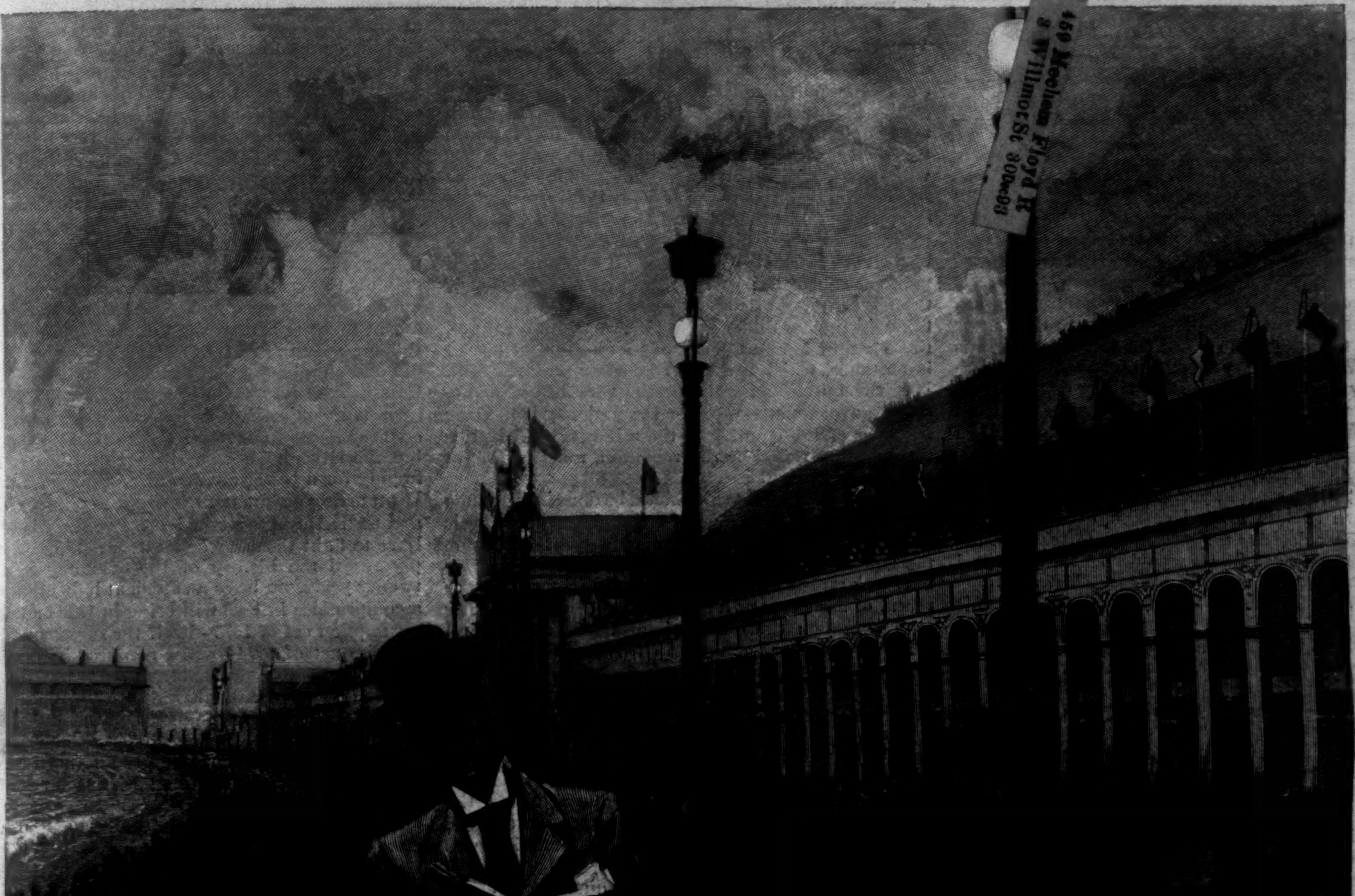

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—WAITING FOR THE FIREWORKS.

Near the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building and Lake Shore Front.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

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## HARPER'S WEEKLY AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY *for the last six months, while not in any way neglecting matters of general interest, presents*

### A Continuous Pictorial History of the World's Fair.

*The publishers take pride in calling attention at this time to the really remarkable list on page* 1039 *of this number, which contains the titles of the World's Fair subjects that have already appeared in* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

*In addition they present this week an* EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT *entirely devoted to World's Fair pictures, which will be followed next week by another* EIGHT-PAGE WORLD'S FAIR SUPPLEMENT.

## THE SITUATION IN THE SENATE.

THE extraordinary spectacle presented in these days by the highest law-making body of the republic may well alarm every patriotic American. A large majority of the people demand the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase law. There is official proof of this fact in the overwhelming majority of the representatives of the people in the Lower House of Congress who voted for the repeal. It is well known that many members who so voted were originally in favor of a larger silver coinage, and that in voting for repeal they simply obeyed what they knew to be the prevailing public sentiment in their districts. No more conclusive and unmistakable demonstration of what the majority of the American people ask for could possibly be furnished. It is also known that, in several cases, no doubt for the same reason, a decisive majority of the members of the Senate of the United States would vote for the repeal if they were permitted to vote at all. But a minority in the Senate, because they are well aware of this fact, have determined that no vote shall be taken, and that the will of the people shall not be obeyed. They resort to all those obstructive tactics which the rules of the Senate permit—rules based upon the assumption that the permission of unlimited debate would never be abused by patriotic citizens for the purpose of defeating the clearly demonstrated popular will. But this assumption fails with regard to the anti-repeal minority in the Senate. This minority is led by men who serve a purely selfish interest; whose only aim is a higher price for their silver; and who, having their fingers at the throat of the people, mean to extort that price. This is the situation in the Senate.

The word is going round in the press of the country that this attitude of the minority is revolutionary in its character. It is unquestionably so, and the sooner the American people look this fact squarely in the face the better. It is a blunt denial of the principle that in a republic the will of the majority must rule, and that the legal means by which the will of the majority is to manifest itself and to acquire the force of law must be kept in orderly and effective operation. This denial is made, not theoretically by public men or a political party merely advancing it as a subject for discussion, but practically by a private interest intrenched in a position of power under the rules of the Senate, and trying to use this power for its selfish advantage in direct defiance of the vital spirit of our free institutions, and at the risk of establishing a precedent the following of which would lead directly to the overthrow of democratic government. All parliamentary efforts to break down this factious opposition have so far failed, and the leaders of the minority proclaim with exultation that they feel themselves the masters of the government, of Congress, and of the people, and that the majority shall not have their will. The position and conduct of the Southern rebels after LINCOLN'S election was hardly more revolutionary than this, and now, as then, we have to make up our minds to the fact that extraordinary complications may require extraordinary remedies.

The first remedy suggesting itself to the American mind in every perplexing and dangerous contest of opinions or interests is that of compromise. The "compromises of the Constitution" are spoken of with reverential awe; the great compromises of 1820, 1833, and 1850 are looked back upon by many as great achievements of American statesmanship, until at last a sort of superstitious belief has grown up among a large class of citizens that compromising difficult questions is the only safe and practicable way of disposing of them, and that nothing is settled well that is not settled by compromise. But the candid student of our history will find that most of our great compromises served only to tide over difficulties, not to solve them; that the full solution of them, after all, became necessary some time; and that this solution was apt to become all the more perplexing and troublesome the longer it was delayed. Certainly no compromises can ever be made as to the fundamental principle of democratic government, that the will of the majority must rule, and that it must be permitted in an orderly way to acquire the shape of law, without a constant recurrence of dangerous conflicts. It was on account of slavery that the South refused to submit to the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. But when the Southern States had refused to accept the verdict of the Presidential election, and risen in rebellion, the perpetuity of the republic became the principal issue. Had a compromise been made then, there would have been no end of trouble with the rebellious minority. It was the plain duty of patriotic Americans to fight it out on the square issue, and to accept nothing short of unconditional submission to the Constitution and the laws. Everybody recognizes this now. When the present debate in the Senate opened, the question to be determined was that of the repeal of the silver-purchase act. As soon as the minority of the Senate declared that it would never permit the Senate to vote on this question, and that it would use to the utmost extent its power to prevent the will of a majority of the people and of Congress from acquiring the force of law, the issue became one between revolution and constitutional democracy, between legal majority rule and usurpation by private interests, the people on one and a lot of political robber barons on the other side. Even if the silver question could be compromised in a way to avoid further difficulty, which we think it cannot, there is now before the country a question of higher importance, which can never be compromised at all. It is the question involving the very life of democratic government—whether the majority is to make the laws of the country or the minority. This, like the question raised by the rebellion, must be fought out on the straight issue.

The suggestion that this should be done by a change of the rules of the Senate in the customary way is utterly futile. A mere ordinary motion to change the rules will admit of discussion, and the minority may talk on such a motion as interminably as on the repeal of the silver-purchase law itself. In opposing such a motion the obstructionists might even find allies among those counted in favor of the repeal—men who unwillingly obey the demand of public opinion in favor of repeal, but would be glad to shift the issue, and defeat repeal by indirection. No parliamentary device can break the dead-lock that has not the countenance and hearty co-operation of the presiding officer. The Vice-President in the chair may, indeed, take the bull by the horns, follow the example of Speaker RANDALL in the session of 1877, when the report of the Electoral Commission was before the House of Representatives, refuse to recognize the obstructionists, and put the question on changing the rules or on the repeal bill, without further debate, *in the name of the Constitution of the United States.* It would be an extraordinary step, but a step necessary to meet an extraordinary emergency, a revolutionary crisis. It might produce a disturbance on the floor of the Senate, but no disturbance nearly so disgraceful and so dangerous in its tendency and effects as the obstruction of the constitutional functions of the Senate now going on. The Vice-President not only has the power, but it is his duty to do this. The people should by every possible demonstration of their will let him know that as their servant he is expected to perform this duty, and that he will be held in public contempt if he does not. If he lacks the nerve to take this step or to call somebody to the chair who will take it, then the majority of the Senate should at least keep the repeal bill before that body indefinitely, to the exclusion of all other business, until every citizen in the land clearly understands that the fundamental principles of democratic government are attacked by a band of traitorous factionists, and until the patriotic spirit of the American people is aroused to such a heat of exasperation that even the unscrupulous greed of the silver kings of the Senate succumb to it. It is time that the members of that body be classed again as the loyal on one side and the disloyal on the other, and that the disloyal be made to feel the full significance and force of the popular wrath against public enemies.

## CURRENCY COMPROMISES.

THE reckless and outrageous behavior of the silver Senators culminated in the proposal of a plan of compromise, and brought out schemes of one sort and another for continuing the silver purchases and the issue of silver money. Strictly speaking, this would be defeat rather than compromise.

In ordinary times it would doubtless be possible to frame a scheme of silver purchases and silver issues which, so long as it was adhered to, and was in charge of an administration friendly to sound currency, would be reasonably safe. The safety of silver issues, or, indeed, of any fiat money such as silver has virtually been, is in the long-run simply a question of quantity. If there is not too much silver money put out, it can be kept at par with gold. It makes no difference whether in form the silver issues are coined dollars or silver certificates or Treasury notes. The silver dollars and certificates issued under the BLAND act of 1878 proved comparatively harmless, because there were not too many of them; and it happened that their safe and easy circulation was much aided by the unexpected decline in the circulation of national bank notes, whose place was taken by the silver currency. The harm of the SHERMAN act—not the only harm, but the greatest and most direct—was that it put out Treasury notes to excess. It threatened and still threatens to swamp us with an over-issue of depreciated money. If the monthly issue were reduced by half, the danger would be less, and in ordinary times would probably not be great.

We say in ordinary times. In extraordinary times like the present the situation is very different. The country is not now in condition to try experiments, and then wait to see if they work well or ill. Recovery from the crisis of the summer has been slow and uncertain, and the revival of confidence depends on the assurance of conservative legislation in Washington. No one can predict exactly what would be the result of the failure of repeal, or of a surrender to the silverites by compromise. But it is clear that we are in face of a grave financial depression and of a possible second panic. Even if there should be no further acute crisis, a period of dulness, slack business, restricted production, is inevitable. It must inevitably be prolonged and made harder by the continuance of the silver menace to the currency standard.

But there is a more important ground even than this for opposing *in toto* any compromise. It is the old and simple one that no compromise is a finality. Compromise leaves the question of principle open. Such is its object in this case, as in every case. The country needs to have done with the silver business; but the silver men want to put off the settlement, hoping for a better chance after three or five years. If an arrangement is now made for simply limiting and restricting the silver issues, we shall before long have to fight the same battle over again. If we simply recall the history of the currency in the last twenty years, we have a sufficient indication of what a compromise in 1893 will bring in 1895 or 1898. The resumption act of 1875—itself the successor of a compromise act of 1874—was a compromise designed to please both the inflationists and the hard-money men; and only by what may be called a fortunate accident did it succeed in accomplishing resumption at the date set, in 1879. Before this date came, the silver mania, which was and is simply another form of the inflation movement, set in, and free coinage of depreciated silver was demanded. There was again a compromise; the BLAND act of 1878 was passed, with its issue of so many silver dollars a month. So far from removing the silver danger, it encouraged the silver men, and they asked for more—for free coinage. After years of agitation and uncertainty, still another compromise was patched up, and the SHERMAN act of 1890, with its larger purchases of silver, was passed. Almost at once the silver men said this was not enough, and the free-coinage cry was as loud as ever. Does any one suppose that if a compromise is now arranged, the question will be settled? Within a year the same struggle will rebegin, and the country will be in the same state of confusion and uncertainty.

To repeat, the time has come to be done with the silver issues. The business of the country is depressed and needs the tonic of an emphatic repudiation of the silver schemes. The gold reserve of the Treasury stands at the lowest point ever reached since resumption in 1879, and much below the one hundred millions limit which is rightly regarded as the danger-line. The financial position of the government is further threatened by the serious decline in the revenues, itself largely the result of business depression. Compromises we have had enough to show that they are but patch-work. Compromise now means not only a postponement to the future of a real settlement, but an aggravation for the present of a gravely disquieting situation. Let us have unconditional repeal, cut loose from the drifting policy of the past, and start afresh on a currency policy which shall not have for its basis a depreciated and depreciating coin basis.

## THE BROOKLYN MAYORALTY.

THE election of a Mayor in Brooklyn this fall is in some regards the most important exercise of popular suffrage that takes place in this State. It is distinctly more important than the choice of any of the State officers, with the single exception of the Judge of the Court of Appeals. A community of nearly if not quite a million of souls will, by the decision between the two candidates for the sole office of Mayor, determine not merely whether its affairs shall be well or ill managed, but whether at the present time it is equal to the duty of securing good management of its common interests. So far as municipal self-government can go, this election is a test of it. As we have already explained, the charter of the city of Brooklyn practically gives the Mayor control of all departments, with the exception of that of finance. He names, without the consent of the aldermen or any one else, the men who have charge of the streets, the public works, the water and sewerage system, the fire and police force, the excise or regulation of the liquor traffic, the health board, and, to a great extent, education. The terms of all these men expire within thirty days of the beginning of the Mayor's term, and he has *carte blanche* as to their successors.

The **McLaughlin** Democratic machine has renamed for Mayor Mr. **Boody**. Mr. **Charles A. Schieren** has been named by the Republican City Convention, on conference with the various independent organizations. The latter is nearly everything that the former is not. Both are respectable business men, and both by profession religious men, but there the resemblance ceases. Mr. **Boody** before his election was known as a reformer in politics. Since his election he has been the almost helpless tool of the machine. He began his career as Mayor by reappointing every head of department who under Mayor **Chapin** had shown himself unfit by conduct and character for the post. He has done nothing that the machine seriously opposed, and he has been so servile in his obedience to its behests that nothing but the mistaken interpretation of the law by the machine's District Attorney prevented him from being indicted by a Grand Jury, who expressed their deep regret at the check put upon them. Every intelligent citizen of Brooklyn knows the condition to which Mr. **Boody** has brought the city: The waste of its funds to the very verge of bankruptcy; the filth of its streets; its precarious water supply, very inadequately guarded from pollution; its inefficient fire service; its partly demoralized police; its rotten excise system, by which the keepers of gambling-hells and brothels secure or retain licenses which the protests of church societies in no wise endanger—are facts of common knowledge; while just outside the city prize-fighting goes on under the protection of the boss, and the Mayor does not offend him even by denouncing it.

These are the works by which Mr. **Boody** is to be known. Mr. **Schieren** is of very different type. He too has been active in his own party, but so far from yielding to the Republican machine, he was nominated in defiance of it, and against its strenuous efforts. If elected, he will owe no politician anything. His acquaintance with politics ought to make him safe from the pitfalls that lie in the path of the inexperienced. He is pledged in the most explicit and open manner to the faithful service of the city, and to that alone. We believe that his probity is proof against all temptation, while the most powerful inducements that can appeal to an honorable man will call him to the performance of his duty. If elected, his opportunity for an enviable fame will be great and immediate. We regard it as the plain duty and the equally plain interest of every honest voter to support him. Of course they will not all do it. The normal Democratic majority in Brooklyn is about 15,000, and partisanship is a very strong sentiment. But since Mr. **Schieren** can fairly expect the full Republican vote, we shall not think so poorly of the Democrats of Brooklyn as to believe that there are not enough honest and sensible men among them to rid themselves of the vulgar tyranny of the machine, which has been so long a shame to the party, and an incalculable mischief as well as disgrace to the city.

## THE TAMMANY AUTOCRAT.

The citizens of New York are living under the rule of an autocrat and a despot. It is for them to decide how long they will submit, when their shameful acquiescence will cease. The remedy is in their own hands. When will they apply it? **Richard Croker** has named the men who, under his decree, shall fill some of the most responsible offices in the city. Among them are judges, a district attorney, and the chief financial officer of the city. If they were the men of the whole community the best fitted for the discharge of the duties of the offices for which they have been selected, they should, nevertheless, be defeated, because they were nominated, not by the free choice of the voters of their party, but by an irresponsible autocrat. Before the city can be again free and self-governing, the power of **Richard Croker** must be broken.

It is unnecessary to go over the story of **Richard Croker**'s life to deepen the shame that rests upon New York. His career as a criminal is not yet ended, for his political methods are criminal. He once sat in a prisoner's pen among professional criminals, and now he sits in Tammany Hall and directs and commands those whose business it is to plunder the State and the city through the forms of law and government. He is the typical vulgarian bloated with riches and self-importance. He has the wealth of the metropolis of the country at his command, and what he permits his gang to take of it is only limited by what he regards as prudence. He restrains himself from assaults upon individual rights that might raise such a rebellion as that which sent **Tweed** to prison.

This man is czar in his organization. No one questions his authority. Legislators at Albany and Washington ask his desires and carry out his decrees. City officials obey his commands, and pay tribute to him and to Tammany. The "Hall" itself is **Croker**. It simply registers his will. If a city official is honest and independent, **Croker** casts him out. Comptroller **Myers** stood in the way of expenditures which had been decided upon by the autocrat who rules without holding an office, and Mr. **Ashbel P. Fitch** is nominated in his stead. Mr. **Nicoll**'s conceptions of his duty were too nice for **Croker**, and Mr. **John R. Fellows**, notorious for unfitness in both mind and character, is to be **Croker**'s District Attorney.

The most conspicuous victim of his wrath is Mr. **Bourke Cockran**. Being the supreme ruler of the organization, having the unquestioned right to say, "Tammany? it is I," **Croker** demands subserviency. When Tammany was struggling back to the place of power from which the robbed and indignant citizens had hurled it, Mr. **Cockran** was of great service to the organization. Then **Kelly** was king, and **Cockran** became his orator. He travelled with **Kelly** to State and national conventions. He made the argument at Chicago, in 1884, against the unit rule and against **Cleveland**'s nomination. After **Kelly**'s death, he became one of the conspicuous and influential leaders in the "Hall." He shared **Croker**'s rule with him, as did **Gilroy** and **Grant**. When an argument was to be made or a municipal paper written, it was **Cockran**'s tongue and pen that were called in. He rendered loyal and effective service. It is even said that he wrote Mr. **Croker**'s astounding contribution to political science that appeared in the *North American Review*. There is said to be in Mr. **Cockran**'s safe a bundle of drafts of papers, messages, letters, circulars, resolutions, speeches, that would be most eloquent reminders of a struggle that has made **Croker** a despot and has driven **Cockran** out of public life.

Tammany grew strong and prospered. So did **Croker**. So did **Cockran**. The "boss" leaned on his eloquent friend. He took him to Chicago. He made him pour out in the closing hours of the convention of 1892 a stream of denunciation of the man who was already nominated President, notwithstanding the snarls of **Hill** and **Croker** and their obedient followers. Then came a break. **Croker** was supreme. He no longer needed the services of **Cockran**. He selected the speechless **Murphy** for the Senate, and resented the proposal that his old orator should have the place. He cracked his whip, and stamped his foot. He called, "Down, sir," in imperious tones. He pointed significantly and authoritatively to the kennel in Fourteenth Street. He was answered with defiance and contempt. If **Croker** and the "Hall" were now independent of **Cockran**, so was **Cockran** independent of them. He had advanced in professional reputation and in material wealth. He too could stand alone. He declined to abase himself. Therefore he has been punished. He was not permitted to be a delegate to the State Convention and to participate in the attempt to disgrace the State by placing **Maynard** on the bench of the court of last resort. He was expelled from the State Committee, and therefore will not enjoy the exquisite delight of rendering implicit obedience to the bosses of the State. He is aware that he cannot return to Congress with the consent of Tammany Hall unless he bows his forehead in the dust and kisses the hem of **Richard Croker**'s garment.

The autocrat has ground his heel into the face of his most powerful follower. He insists that the criminal justice of this city shall once more be administered by the man who debauched it. He proposes to turn Comptroller **Myers** out of his office because he consulted the interests of New York and disobeyed the commands of **Croker**. The Tammany autocrat is not only a despot, but a bad despot. The people of New York are not only governed by one man, but by a man whose very presence in public life is a disgrace to the city.

## THE FUNNY MAN IN CONGRESS.

In a few respects the Congress of the United States is a unique legislative body. Like the great and independent nation in whose behalf, and sometimes to whose detriment, it makes statutory experiments, it is careless of history and tradition. Sometimes it gratifies the land with a display of wisdom; usually it rises to its opportunity; frequently the halls of the two Houses resound with eloquence, and debate is attuned to wisdom. Now and then it undertakes to settle a great question by a test of physical endurance.

Among the peculiar institutions of this strange but, on the whole, satisfactory body is the funny man. There have been men whose sole claim to distinction was that they made funny speeches. They remained in public life as a jest-book remains in circulation, for the jokes that were in them. Sometimes a public man has lost the reputation for wisdom and ability that he might have made by just one funny speech. It is a perilous reputation, that of being one of the funny men in the House of Representatives. Once funny, always funny, is the doom of the man who permits himself to air his humor on the usually arid wastes of Congressional proceedings.

The House has always its jester. The Senate is different. Men who are capable of jokes are not wanted in the Senate. But the House would not be without such a man. He springs into the gravest debates with a quip and a pun. Sometimes he is funny when he would be grave. He is not permitted to be serious. He must find the fun lying under every question, or he must not take part in the debate. He is popular. His stories are the attractions of the cloak-rooms. They get into the newspapers. He becomes a famous funny man. It is not expected that his fun will aid the argument of his side. His speech must be simply entertaining; it must make an intellectual recess.

The House has a kind side for its funny man, but he may serve for fifty years and then he will not become a member of the Ways and Means Committee.

## POLITENESS.

For centuries the French have been noted as the politest nation in the world. But this was probably because the Japanese have only lately come to be well known among the peoples of the earth. The American boy, from a long course of **Marryat**'s novels and from the writings of other aggressively British authors, has come to look with suspicion upon French politeness, regarding it as a cloak for hatred, greed, or whatever of the seven deadly sins a Frenchman might at any given time desire to indulge in. The American boy, in consequence, has been wont to regard with ill-concealed scorn the efforts of his pastors and masters to soften the frank brutality of his boyish nature, and to deride for their "dancing-school manners" the unfortunate lads who have fallen victims to environments of culture and refinement. Probably the American boy is not entirely wrong in his judgment. The politeness of the Frenchman does not necessarily imply a correspondingly greater love for his fellow-man. And it is this note of seeming insincerity that strikes so harshly on the mental ear of the American boy.

What might have been the effect on American manners if the gentle Japanese had been held up to our childish eyes as our models of propriety it is of course too late to determine, but politeness could scarcely have fallen into the disrepute it has. For with the Japanese politeness springs from the heart, and is the simple expression of kindly feelings. Think of cities where the potter places the still moist products of his wheel out in the middle of the street to dry in the sun, and where the children in their play step carefully around among the fragile wares lest they work injury to the trustful artisan!

But now fortunately all this is changed. No longer shall we be forced to go to foreign countries to find models of politeness for the American boy. Our own land can furnish an example of courtesy that is unparalleled in the history of the world, an example which will lift politeness from the level of policy to the height of principle. What sight more inspiring to growing youth can be imagined than the spectacle of the United States Senate to-day? Here are these men, the highest law-making power in the land, pausing in the midst of legislative work of the most important and pressing character merely as a matter of courtesy. Banks are breaking all over the country, mills are shutting down, stanch business houses are going to the wall, the national credit is impaired, all for the want of a little legislation, to accomplish which the President called the national legislature in extra session. But although a large majority of the Senate is in favor of passing the necessary measures to bring relief to the country, it persistently refuses to do so, because it wouldn't be polite to the minority to come to a vote until each one of them has talked all he wants to on the subject, or on any other subject he can think of.

Talk of "old-time courtesy"! The old times never witnessed courtesy like this, courtesy which impels men absolutely to disregard the wishes of everybody but themselves, courtesy which impels men to call each other vile names and to indulge in vulgar recriminations, courtesy which forces men into undignified trials of endurance, which permits men to laugh and to sleep, to yawn and to interrupt their antagonists, so long as the latter finally talk as much as they want to.

The lesson that the American boy is to learn from these examples will be somewhat disturbing of his preconceived ideas of politeness and morals, but he will doubtless soon adapt himself to the new standards.

The first lesson he will learn is that politeness is the most important thing in the world, and the second lesson, that politeness consists in not doing what any one doesn't want you to do, but in treating him as meanly as you can while you let him have his own way.

For instance, in former times if the American boy had seen his father's house on fire, his little sister drowning, he would have rushed to the rescue, and if any one had sought to stop him, he would have struck him down in his tracks, and have risked his own life, if necessary, to save the property, the honor, the lives of others.

But now, if one were to interpose any objection to his conduct, he would stop and listen to what the other had to say in opposition to the means he proposed to use to effect his purpose, and though his home were destroyed, his sister drowned, still must he wait while the other talked and brought people to read volumes bearing on the subject, though of course he might go to sleep, if he felt so inclined, interrupt the obstructionist, call him names, and make himself as offensively disagreeable as possible.

"Politeness," remarked a distinguished writer recently, "is a good thing to have in the house."

"But a mighty bad thing," added an eminent jurist, "to have in the Senate."

JOHN E. RUSSELL,
Democratic Candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

FREDERIC T. GREENHALGE,
Republican Candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

# MRS. KENDAL *VS.* THE PUBLIC.

### BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

SOME of those Americans who were in London last summer brought back with them to this country the story of a remarkable play—the most remarkable play, so they said, that had been written in this decade. And with their enthusiasm for this production was mingled admiration for a Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who had played the title rôle, that of Paula, a woman of the half-world, who had married a widower, and who had by so doing become The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. It was not until these same Americans had seen Mrs. Kendal in the same part here that they appreciated it was not their own intuition but Mrs. Patrick Campbell that had made them understand how great Mr. Pinero's play really was.

Very few people in an audience are able to divide the credit justly between the performer and the writer of the play. It is not until they have seen different players in the same rôle that they can tell whether it is a bad play that is being helped by good acting, or that worthy lines have been given to one who is incapable of interpreting them.

A piece of music is only a matter of printer's ink and paper until some one places it on the music-rack and interprets the composer's meaning. The part of Mrs. Tanqueray is as subtle and intricate and moving as is any great piece of music, and Mrs. Campbell was able to understand its meaning, and to make her audience understand it too; and to show them how great a composer of plays Mr. Pinero is. The fact that the New York critics agreed unanimously—which is a thing they seldom do—that Mr. Pinero's play was clever but disagreeable shows that the woman who interpreted it here blinded them to its real greatness by her bad playing; that her fingers faltered on the keys and her feet on the pedals, and that she was counting the time with her lips as she played, and not beating time with her pulses and her heart.

As Mrs. Campbell played the part, the play was a possible one for any young girl to see; as Mrs. Kendal plays it, it is not. It was terrible, but the terrible truths of life are not harmful, and the picture was no more contaminating than is the one of want and poverty in a sweater's garret of which we catch a glimpse as we rush by on the elevated road.

Mrs. Campbell's Mrs. Tanqueray was a young and beautiful woman without any moral responsibility; she was as unconscious of good as a child, and you could no more blame her than you could blame the dog who runs to meet you and who destroys a flower bed on his way. You forgive him for breaking the flowers because he comes leaping to welcome you, and you forgave Mrs. Campbell's Paula for her mistakes because she loved her husband and wanted to please him, and did not know what social laws and conventions and principles of conduct she was breaking while she was trying to do so.

You felt pity for her as you would feel pity for any inconsequent and foolish woman who stands in her own light, and who is her own worst enemy. You sympathized with her in her misery not because she was a bad woman, but because she did not know how to be a good one; you disliked intensely the little girl who refused to kiss her, and you wanted to box her ears; and you blamed her husband, who took her out of a life for which she was unfortunately exactly suited, for placing her in an impossible position, in which, owing to her past, she unwillingly brought trouble to the very people she most wanted to satisfy. Mrs. Campbell made Paula a feminine Donatello before the knowledge of good and evil came to him; she was an English Manon Lescaut, as irresponsible as a kitten, and as unhappy in her results as people who "mean well" generally are.

When she forgot herself and referred to the "other men" for whom she had "kept house," when she sighed like an imprisoned animal for Algiers and the yacht, and when confronted by her former lover she stopped in the midst of her tears to ask what became of the flat, you were not so much shocked at the vulgarity of it as you were filled with sorrow that she did not know better, and that she had not the light to see how dreadful and low and hopeless it all was.

The hopelessness of the leopard's ever changing his spots was the lesson Mrs. Campbell told, and when she said, "Why, it is written in my face; every one can see it," you felt no repulsion, but rather an awful pity for the young girl who had so soon discovered and accepted her own destiny. I do not wish to be understood as one who is sympathizing with this woman merely because she is what the world calls "fallen" or "unfortunate," and who is growing maudlin over that fact. The women who have trouble in their lives, and who have not fallen, and have no mind to do so, have possibly a prior claim. But it is because Paula is wicked and unfortunate through not knowing any better that she deserves pity. But Mrs. Kendal's Paula does not excite our pity. She is, as Mrs. Kendal presents her, a loud-voiced unfeeling scold, with a vixenish temper, and the assured manners of the Empire Music Hall. The part does not suit Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. Kendal does not understand the part. That Mrs. Kendal is older than Paula possibly was is not a matter of so much importance as that she does not know what sort of a woman Paula was at any age. She makes her masculine, noisy, and vulgar; and when she in the moment of her greatest sorrow cries, "What shall we do? what are we to do?" you feel like replying: "You certainly ought to know better than any one else. You're the only person we have seen yet who seems to be able to take care of herself." When Mrs. Campbell read those lines in the helpless bewildered tones of a little child who has hurt its finger, you wanted to go upon the stage and help her out of her difficulty. But you feel a grim satisfaction when Mrs. Kendal comes to grief, and rejoice that you are rid of as disagreeable and unpleasant a woman as you have ever met.

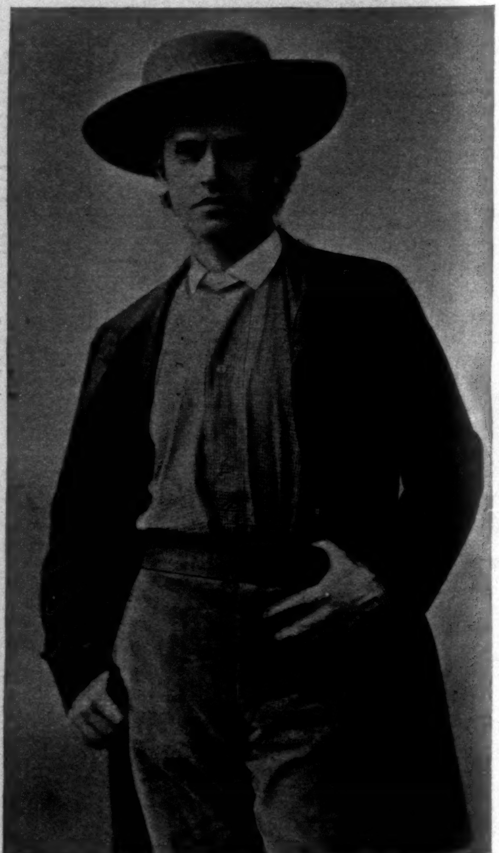
CHARLES A. SCHIEREN,
Republican and Citizens' Candidate for Mayor of Brooklyn.

When Mr. Tanqueray sends his daughter away to see the world under the care of some woman other than his wife, and she cries that he has insulted her, Mrs. Campbell made you feel that he had; but when Mrs. Kendal made the same charge, and emphasized it by jabbing her hat-pin into her bonnet like a vixenish fishwife, the audience laughed. In fact, the audience laughed at a great many things Mrs. Kendal said, where Mrs. Campbell had made them gasp with regret that she should not have known better than to say them. The audience here laugh because they feel that Tanqueray has done a very foolish thing, and that he has caught a Tartar, and when she hurts his feelings and shocks his sense of what is right, they only see in it another evidence of the fact that he was a fool to marry such a creature.

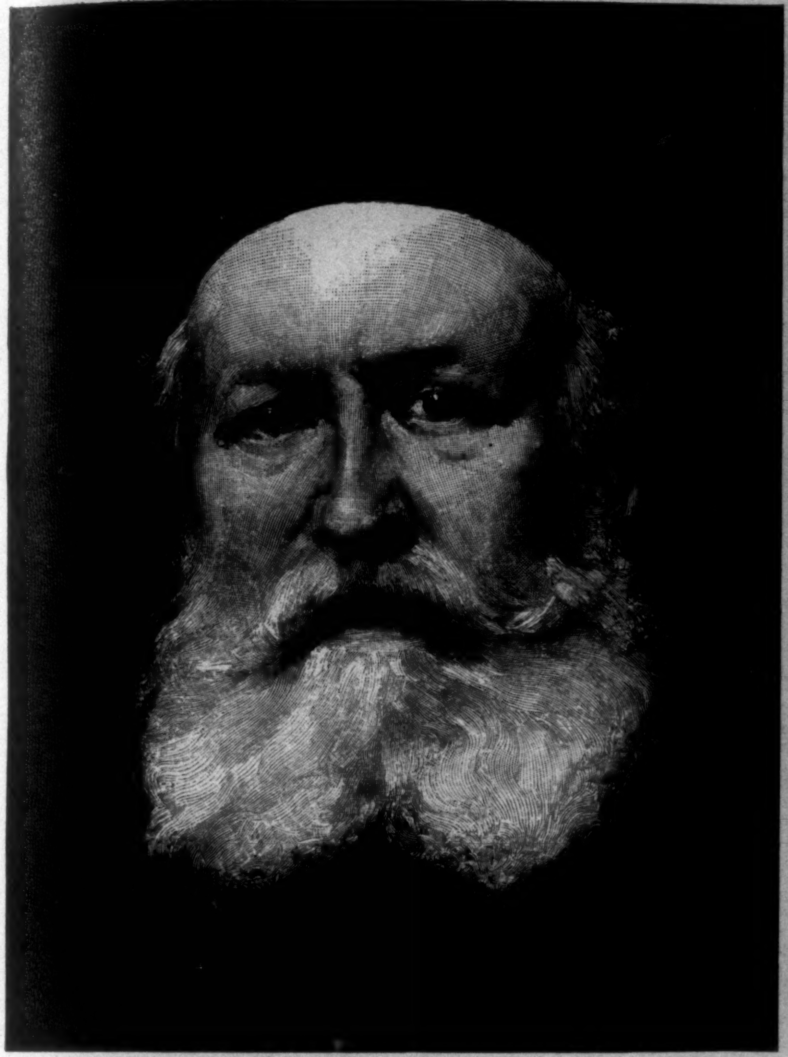
Mrs. Kendal has been so unwise as to answer the critics through a newspaper. What Mrs. Kendal chooses to say in this interview off the boards does not concern us, but she makes one explanation of her ill success here, which she is pleased to call the ill success of the play, which is worth considering. She says that we are too new and innocent to understand the play and the character of Mrs. Tanqueray, and that in London the people understood the play much better because they knew that such women as Mrs. Tanqueray existed; and, indeed, Mrs. Kendal even went so far as to mention these ladies' names. It would be pleasant to think that this is so, and to accept Mrs. Kendal's unintentional compliment to our innocence of evil and our youthful horror of all that is bad, but the American people cannot accept this excuse for their failure to like Mrs. Kendal in Mr. Pinero's play. We have seen Mrs. Tanquerays over here, but they have not been the sort of Mrs. Tanquerays that Mrs. Kendal shows us. They have been more like the ladies whose names Mrs. Kendal mentioned, and less like the women of Piccadilly and the St. James Restaurant. Such a woman as Mrs. Kendal plays would not have remained in the house of such a gentleman, gentle, chivalric, and earnest, as Mr. Kendal shows Mr. Tanqueray to be, for over a week. He would not have allowed her to stay as a cook, still less as his wife. Mrs. Kendal has not given us the woman of Monte Carlo and of the Mediterranean yacht squadron, but of an entirely different class. It is not a difficult character to imagine, and it seems strange that it has not suggested itself to Mrs. Kendal that women like Paula must have something attractive about them in order to lead the lives they lead. This is speaking quite plainly, but it is quite obvious that women do not win men to them by a loud voice and vulgar manners and nothing else.

There is no one who has seen Mrs. Kendal in *The Squire* and in *The Iron-Master* who has enjoyed her work in those two plays more than has the writer of this article; but good work in the past, no matter how excellent, is no excuse for destroying the good work of some one else in the present. And that is what Mrs. Kendal is doing now with the good work of Mr. Pinero. She has robbed the American people of the pleasure of seeing the greatest play written in the last ten years properly played, and she is not to be excused for not knowing that the part she has attempted was unsuited to her and beyond her powers. The criticisms that have been made upon Mrs. Kendal because she is now playing the part of a bad woman, after having been held up for so many years as the exponent of the domestic virtues, is unworthy of those who make them. What Mrs. Kendal's life is off the stage, or what her advance agent chooses to tell of it, has no possible bearing on this question. We are only asked to consider a great play, and how it is played. The case is not between the American people and Mrs. Kendal as a mother and a wife, but as an actress, and as an actress Mrs. Kendal has cheapened and vulgarized a great play. And that is the case as it stands between Mrs. Kendal and the theatre-going public.

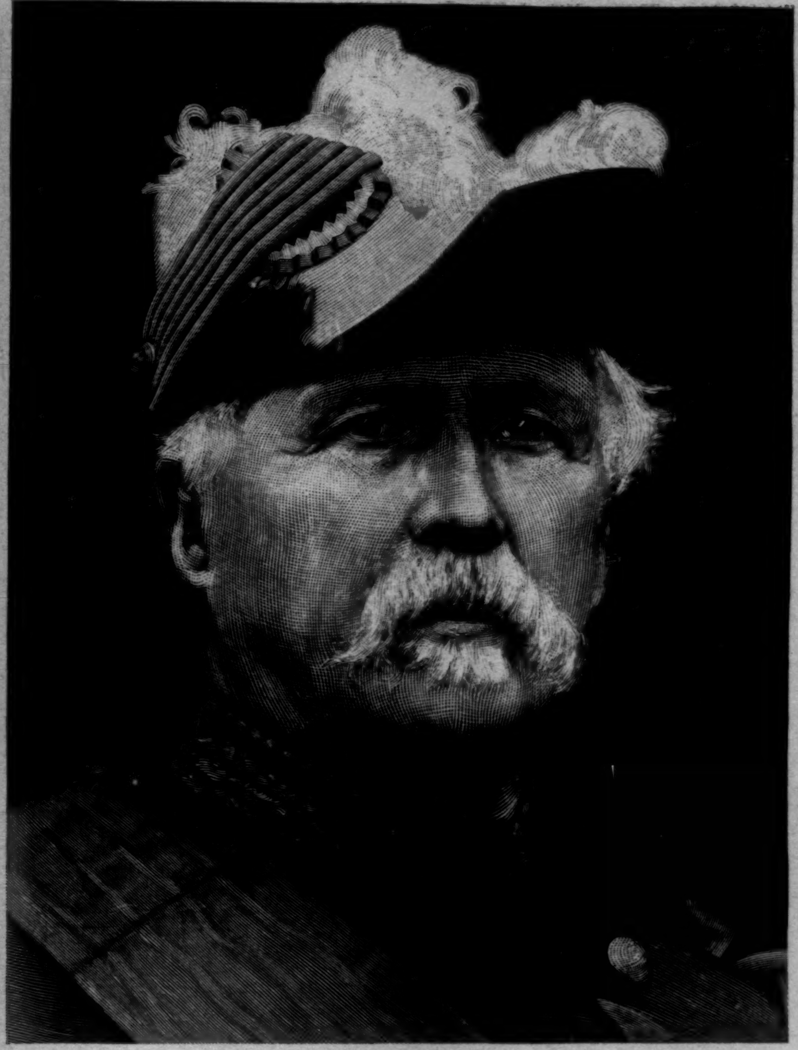
AUGUSTUS THOMAS,
The Author of *In Mizzoura.*



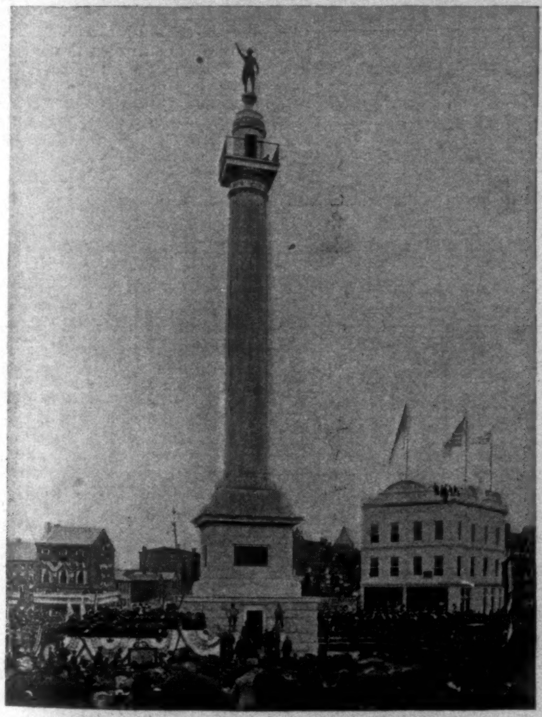
NAT C. GOODWIN,
As the Sheriff in *In Mizzoura.*



CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD.
Engraved by Ch. Baude from the Painting by Carolus Duran.—[See Page 1038.]



MARIE PATRICE MAURICE MACMAHON.
[See Page 1027.]



THE MONUMENT UNVEILED.

GENERAL STRYKER SPEAKS.

J. HART BREWER THANKS GOVERNOR FLOWER.

THE UNVEILING FAILS TO COINCIDE WITH GOVERNOR WERTS'S SPEECH.

GOVERNOR RUSSELL, OF MASSACHUSETTS, SPEAKING.

THE ESSEX TROOP ESCORTING THE MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

CEREMONIES AT THE UNVEILING OF THE TRENTON MONUMENT, OCTOBER 19th.—From Photographs.—[See Page 1026.]

## THE NEW MR. GOODWIN.

ONE of the greatest trials to young people is the slowness with which older people, their parents in particular, recognize the fact that they have changed and developed. The young person may have put aside childish things for some time, and may be quite conscious and even proud of the fact, but he finds the effort to develop, and to reform, perhaps, an easy matter in comparison with the difficulty of getting others to recognize that the effort has been successful. Mr. Nat. C. Goodwin was possibly unfortunate in meeting with easy success when he was very young. He was at the head of his own company when men twice his age were still "assisting" some other star, and he made money rapidly and won laughter without effort. He was careless then of his name outside of the theatre, and of any possible reputation for seriousness while in it. It was his custom and his pleasure in those days to bring the jokes of the poker table and of the Broadway cafés into his farce-comedies, and to take the audience into his confidence across the foot-lights, to "gag" his friends in the boxes, and to "break up" the less reckless and more earnest members of his company when they tried to do serious work. It was more amusing to Mr. Goodwin then to make the actors on the stage turn their backs to the house in order that they might hide the laughter he had caused than to make the house laugh legitimately at him.

Now that, and all that it implies, is passed. Mr. Goodwin has taken himself seriously, and those who condemned him when he trifled with his art and put the touch of genius that is his to small account should be among the first to point out the change and transformation in him, and the great good the public has gained by it. When the young person who has put aside childish things finds that his parents and sponsors are slow in taking in the fact, the best thing he can do is to take them by the shoulders and give them a good shaking, and say: "Here, you—you must stop correcting me. I'm changed; I'm grown up. You have no right to talk to me like that any longer. I am not the child you knew." In the play of *In Mizzoura* Mr. Goodwin has done just this thing. He has taken the American public by the shoulders, and shaken them persuasively and good-naturedly but effectively. He has introduced them to an entirely new Mr. Goodwin, and one who, we all hope, has come to stay. There are, of course, many weak brothers who resent this new character; they are of the class who call the actor "Nat," and who stop him in the street and say, "When are you going to make us laugh again?" meaning by that, when are you going to fall around in the sawdust of a Skating-Rink? or when are you going to pick me out from the entire audience and say things at me that only you and I will understand?

It is to be hoped that Mr. Goodwin knows his best friends, and those selfish ones who think only of their own momentary amusement, and not that the reputation of a great player is at stake. He is in the position of a man who holds a patent or a monopoly on something—he can make people laugh or cry as other men cannot, and there is only one life standing between him and the position of that of the first American comedian. It is just as well, therefore, that he has recognized the responsibility of holding such a monopoly, and of the duties of an heir-apparent.

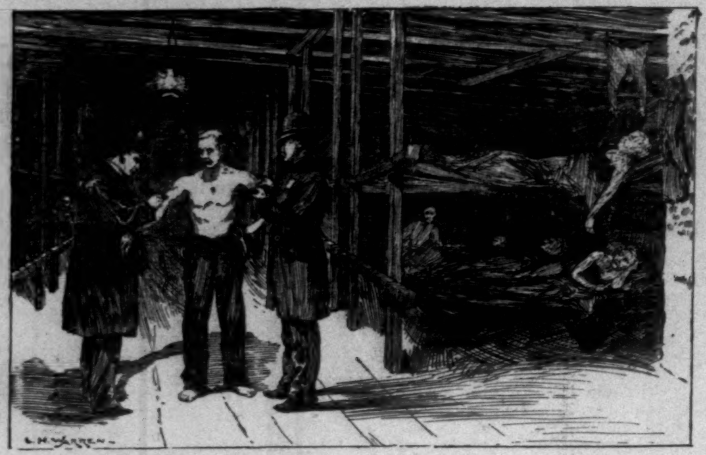
We get a very good idea of the character of Jim Radburn in *In Mizzoura* from his first entrance, when he comes in holding in his arms a little dog with a bandaged broken leg. Something an audience can see is always more effective than something they are told, and the fact that the Sheriff of Bowling Green has never killed a man, though he has taken fifty prisoners and carries seven bullets in his person, which fact they have already learned from one of the other characters, is not half so impressive as the sight of the grim silent officer of justice fondling the wounded terrier.

The gentleness and the loneliness of the man as he moves about among the rough good-natured people of the village, his simplicity, which brings them to his level, and his fineness and self-sacrifice, which raise him above theirs, make the part of Jim Radburn one of the types of American character that will be remembered with the Asa Trenchard of Joseph Jefferson. How strong and living this character is, and how well Mr. Goodwin places it before you, are shown by nothing else so much as in the fact that one has to go back to Mr. Jefferson for as perfect a performance of an American part. Mr. Augustus Thomas has certainly done nothing so good as this last play, and we should be well satisfied if he does no better, but that he will do better is assured. He is a young man, and growing rapidly rich in experience and in seriousness of purpose. He has given us a remarkable play, and put an entire continent in his debt. He and Mr. Goodwin have placed these scenes of American life upon the stage with absolute fidelity and truth, and with the greatest possible care for detail. The company playing it is the most completely good one Mr. Goodwin has ever had about him, and from Mr. McIntosh, who plays and looks the powerful, good-natured blacksmith, to Mr. Payne and Miss Dupree, who show us the boy and girl lovers, there is not one of them who does not help the star in this the most serious and most excellent effort of his theatrical life. There is one bit of by-play in the third act which is lost by many in the audience, because it is so quietly done, and because the action of the scene is, apart from it, one of unusual excitement. It is when the village lawyer breaks in upon the group in the blacksmith's sitting-room with the cry that a man down in the village has been killed.

"Killed! How?"

"*Shot!*" he cries.

The women scream at this, and the men rush right and left in a search for weapons, savage with the excitement of a man-hunt. Up to this point in the play we have seen nothing of Jim Radburn the Sheriff; we have seen him only as the lover. But at the word "killed" the bushy white eyebrows droop, the lips compress, and the eyes look straight ahead while he listens to the rapid description of the murder; and then, while the others are dashing in and out searching for weapons, he rises from his chair with the air of one who is quite alone in the room, and who says: "This is my business. This belongs to me." The blacksmith hunting for his gun, and his reply to his wife when she asks what he wants with it, that "I want it to fry eggs with. What d'you suppose?" will be remembered by many, but others will carry away rather the recollection of the slight silent man easing his revolvers in their holsters with a touch of the middle fingers, slowly buttoning his long coat across his chest, and moving out unnoticed into the night. It is as effective as the silent exit of the Indian in *The Octoroon* when he starts upon the trail of M'Closkey to avenge the murder of the negro boy. It gives the picture of courage and of readiness that is needed to match that other one, when he stooped tenderly over the wounded dog.



VACCINATING LODGERS IN A TEN-CENT LODGING-HOUSE.

## VACCINATION AND SMALL-POX.

THE appointment by the Board of Health of New York of a temporary vaccinating corps of fifteen physicians calls to mind the fact that there exists in this city such an epidemic of small-pox as has not visited it before for many years. That fact, however, has excited little comment and no general solicitude, even though small-pox is known to be one of the most virulent of contagious diseases. For it is also known as the most preventable of diseases, and as one whose terrors are traditional rather than actual. Every one knows, in greater or less detail, the facts of its history. Up to the last decade of the eighteenth century it was a dreaded pest, sweeping the world in never-ending epidemics, claiming by death one-tenth of our race, and disfiguring a large proportion of the remainder. A bit of doggerel that has come down to us bears witness to its power in the assertion that "from small-pox and love few men remain free." The companion malady here linked with small-pox has in no wise abated, but a pock-marked face is as rare to-day as a smooth one must have been a century ago.

Every one knows, too, that the change has been wrought through the genius of a single man, who, just a century ago, worked out the problem of the antagonism of cow-pox and small-pox—a belief traditional among the English peasantry for generations before—and added the illuminating thought of voluntary inoculation with the virus of the one in order to prevent the other. The world doubted, and then believed. The people were ready to listen to anything that could promise to banish the dreaded scourge. In less than a decade after the first inoculation, vaccination had circled the globe, thousands of lives had been saved, and the name of Edward Jenner had been placed by common accord high on the lists of the immortal benefactors of the human race. It is pleasing to recall that before Jenner died all Christendom did him homage. He was even a prophet honored and rewarded in his own country. Great men had opposed him, it is true, but the murmur of opposition was soon drowned in the tumult of approval. Intellectual robbers strove to take to themselves the credit of his discovery, but these were soon confounded and forgotten, while the name of the true discoverer gained fresh lustre day by day. The work he inaugurated has gone steadily on, until the dreaded scourge small-pox has all but relinquished its hold on the race, claiming at most a mere handful of victims. The record of that decline is the grandest chapter in the history of medicine.

And yet if the truth were known it would probably appear that vaccination has not accomplished all that Jenner hoped for it. Seeing his discovery so universally accepted at the outset, seeing it nip epidemics of small-pox in the bud, and so vastly reduce the mortality within a few years, he would have been strangely unimaginative had he not dreamed of a day when vaccination should so fully have triumphed as to have banished small-pox from the world forever. In theory such a hope found ample warrant. The human body furnishes the only soil, so far as known, on which the germs of this disease can multiply and retain their virulence. Vaccination renders the body no longer habitable for these germs. If therefore the entire race could be given immunity through vaccination, time being allowed for the destruction of such unproductive germs as had found temporary lodgment elsewhere than in the body, small-pox would cease to exist. Its last germ killed, there is no more reason to suppose that it would ever originate again, than there is to expect the reappearance of the great auk, the mammoth, or the glyptodon. In theory such an achievement might require but a month or a year, but in reality a century has not accomplished it.

The chief reason why vaccination has failed of this ultimate ideal achievement is—paradoxical though it sounds—because vaccination has operated so efficiently. So nearly has it banished small-pox that no one now fears that disease, and a general carelessness prevails regarding it. No better commentary in this regard could be made than mention of the fact that two physicians recently contracted the disease in New York from a case which came to a dispensary where they were in attendance. If physicians fail to give themselves immunity, what shall we expect of the public at large?

The other chief factor which co-operates with carelessness to keep small-pox in existence is ignorance. So little is small-pox heard of now that many among the more ignorant classes scarcely know the meaning of vaccination. Health officers find many persons who suppose they are being vaccinated to "cleanse the blood." It does not matter much what they think, perhaps, so long as they submit to the operation. But many decline the boon, and these of course remain susceptible to the disease. Our laws offer protection to all, but force it upon no one. Abroad, in many places vaccination is compulsory, a fine being imposed if any child is found unvaccinated at a certain age. The result thus aimed at is accomplished in this country in a more pleasant way by prohibiting unvaccinated children from attendance upon the public schools. This measure, together with the constant solicitations of health officers, results in the vaccination of a very large proportion of infants.

But vaccination in infancy is not enough. It gives immunity for a time, but with growth the tissues change, and after a few years the body becomes again susceptible. Revaccination must be practised when the child is six or seven years old, and again during adolescence. Even this third vaccination does not always give protection throughout life. Immunity should be tested every few years by repeated vaccinations, and only persons who have submitted to this test within a few years past can at any time feel fully assured that they are insusceptible to small-pox. Ignorance of this fact is most potent in giving small-pox a hold upon the community. Not alone the ignorant, but many people of intelligence suppose that so long as the scar of a previous vaccination appears they are immune, and with confidence born of this delusional belief, go about the world almost as susceptible to small-pox as if they had never been vaccinated. For such persons chiefly the present words, with their obvious moral, are intended.

## THE LARGEST TELESCOPE.

THE illustration on page 1031 is from a photograph of the great Yerkes telescope, now on exhibition in the Manufactures Building at the World's Fair. This was presented by Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago, to the University of Chicago. It will be permanently located in the vicinity of the city as soon as the necessary buildings can be erected. The entire cost of the instrument and observatory, together with many minor instruments and accessories, is defrayed by Mr. Yerkes.

This is by far the largest and most powerful telescope in the world. Down to this time the Lick telescope, at Mount Hamilton, California, with which Professor E. E. Barnard last year made his remarkable discovery of the fifth satellite of Jupiter, has outranked all others; but the Yerkes glass exceeds that in all respects. Its power is at least one-fourth greater, and its value in all original investigations correspondingly superior.

The object-glass has a clear aperture of forty inches. This is the last and greatest work of the famous opticians Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, represented now by the sole survivor, Alvan G. Clark. The mounting of the telescope is by Warner & Swasey, of Cleveland, Ohio. They furnished the mountings for the Lick telescope of thirty-six inches aperture, the twenty-six-inch instrument at the Naval Observatory, and many other smaller refractors throughout the country.

The column and head of the telescope are of cast iron, and rise to a height of 45 feet, and weigh 50 tons. The polar axis, of steel, is 15 inches in diameter, 13½ feet long, and weighs 3½ tons. The declination axis, also of steel, is 12 inches in diameter, 11½ feet long, and weighs 3½ tons. The tube is of steel, 64 feet long, and 52 inches in diameter at the centre, tapering toward the ends. It weighs 6 tons. The driving-clock, weighing 1½ tons, is located in the upper section of the column. It is wound automatically by an electric motor, and is controlled by a double conical pendulum. It is geared to the main driving-wheel, 8 feet in diameter, which, when clamped to the polar axis, revolves it, together with the tube and all the accessories, all weighing 20 tons, in exact sidereal time. The instrument is operated both by hand and by means of electric motors controlled through a switchboard placed within easy reach of the astronomer.

When the telescope is in a vertical position, the object-glass end of the tube is about 75 feet from the floor. The entire floor, having a diameter of about 80 feet, will be of the elevating kind, so that the observer can bring himself to a convenient place with reference to the eye-piece in every position of the instrument. The eye-pieces will have magnifying powers up to four or five thousand diameters.

## THE TRENTON BATTLE MONUMENT.

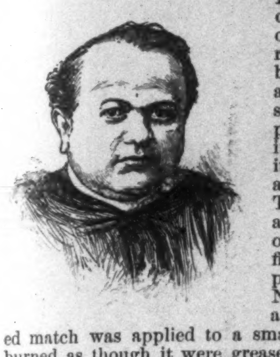
THE dedication of a monument to commemorate the battle of Trenton, that was fought on December 25, 1776, was a great event, and was participated in by the most distinguished company that has gathered in New Jersey's capital in recent years. Besides other men noted in professional, political, and commercial life in the country, there were present the Governors of eight States, namely, Russell of Massachusetts, Flower of New York, Pattison of Pennsylvania, Fuller of Vermont, Reynolds of Delaware, Brown of Maryland, Morris of Connecticut, and Werts of New Jersey. The President of the United States had intended to be present, but did not feel justified in leaving his post of duty in Washington. There was an amount of formal oratory unusual even to great occasions. The monument has been projected a long time, and a great many different States, societies, and other organizations have participated in bearing the expense of its erection and embellishment. The main shaft, or monument proper, cost $60.000. Of this the United States gave half, the State of New Jersey one-quarter, and the citizens of Trenton the remaining quarter.

The New Jersey Society of the Cincinnati gave a tablet, the First City Troop of Philadelphia a statue of one of its members who participated in the battle, the State of Massachusetts gave a statue of a soldier of the Fourteenth Regiment of Massachusetts Continentals, the State of Pennsylvania a relief of the "Continental Army crossing the Delaware," the State of New York a relief of the "Opening of the Fight," and the State of Connecticut a relief of the "Surrender of the Hessian." Each of these was ceremoniously unveiled, presented to the Monument Association with fitting words, and formally accepted. On top of the shaft is a statue of Washington, by the New York sculptor O'Donovan. Before this was unveiled Mr. Richard Watson Gilder read a poem.

The shaft of the monument is of white granite, and Roman Doric in style. It is 135 feet high, and is surmounted by O'Donovan's statue of Washington, the gift of New York. Washington is represented, glass in hand, surveying the fleeing Hessians, and pointing in the direction that he wished Captain Alexander Hamilton's battery to open on the defeated mercenaries. Mr. O'Donovan represents Washington in the Continental uniform—an exact reproduction, it is said, of the dress worn by the Commander-in-Chief during the Revolutionary war. The shaft's summit can be reached by an electric elevator, and this summit will be lighted at night by thirteen electric lights, each light representing one of the embattled colonies.

At the ceremonies there were 30,000 people present, including 5000 troops and 1000 Grand Army men. The visiting Governors were attended by staff-officers in brilliant uniforms, and each State Executive was received with formal courtesy. There were banquets and *fêtes* of various sorts, the city was decorated with flags and bunting, and the streets filled with people from morning till night. Among the notable military organizations that were in Trenton to participate in the ceremonies were Troop A of New York, First and Second companies of Connecticut Foot-guards, the Hartford Grays, the Philadelphia City Troop, Drake's Zouaves of Elizabeth, and the Essex Troop of Newark.

## A NEW SMOKELESS POWDER.



THE ordnance officers now testing smokeless powders and other high explosives near Newport may soon have to experiment with a new powder that comes from an unexpected source. This new powder is called "Schnebelite," and is the invention of a Roman Catholic prelate, Abbé Schnebelin. He recently gave a trial of his new explosive in England. In the first place, so as to demonstrate the simplicity of its manufacture and the rapidity with which it can be made without any special apparatus, the abbé made some of the powder in the presence of the crowd. Taking some of this powder in its manufactured state, the abbé placed it on an anvil. Then he hit the grains with a hammer, with the result of grinding the powder into finer particles, but without producing any explosion. Nor would friction cause an explosion. When a lighted match was applied to a small heap of the powder it burned as though it were grease or some fatty substance, but there was no deflagration. Nothing short of a hermetically sealed quantity is susceptible to concussion. The cartridges used at the trial were made up with the regulation English army bullets, and the range was a hundred yards. The bullets went through an eight-inch plate of Bessemer steel and through four inches of the wood against which the plate rested. These experiments were made with the sporting powder, which is not nearly so strong as the concentrated or warfare powder.

The difficulty with all of the smokeless powders so far tested by the officers of the Ordnance Department of the United States army is that they will not keep. There are several of them that are admirable when entirely fresh, but after two or three months they are wellnigh worthless. This is a very fatal defect. It may be that even if the Schnebelite will not keep, that its simplicity of manufacture is such that it can be made in the field. But the particulars of the new explosive that have reached New York are not full enough to justify an expert in powders in discussing the abbé's invention. Clergymen are usually men of peace, and it is most unusual for one to exercise his talents in devising man-killing materials to be used in time of war. Very likely the Abbé Schnebelin takes the same view of war as Dr. Gatling, the gun inventor. That gentleman holds, on humane grounds, that war should be made as terrible as possible. If guns and ammunition were so powerful and accurate that it was sure death to go into battle, then there would be no battles and no wars. We have surely not arrived at that point yet, but we are very much nearer than we were twenty or thirty years ago, and it may be that the invention of Schnebelite is an onward step in the direction towards universal peace.

## FIELD-MARSHAL MACMAHON.

THOUGH Macmahon was President of France for five and a half years, it is as a soldier that we are accustomed to think of him, for it was as such that he won the fame and popularity which made him the Chief Magistrate of the French republic. Indeed, he is not considered to have made a very admirable President. He was at heart a monarchist rather than a republican, and while President of the republic he showed this plainly and frequently. He asked that his term should be made ten years, so that his administration would have stability and authority. The radicals declared that Macmahon wished to make himself Emperor, and that so long a term would enable him to carry out such a project. The term was fixed at seven years. During the remainder of his incumbency of the Presidency he was never in accord with a majority of the Assembly. When he resigned in 1879 it was because the election had resulted in favor of his opponents. Though as a statesman the distinguished man, who died on the 17th of October, was not a brilliant success, his civil career was free from any taint of corruption or political demagogy and trickery, and even his enemies gave him full credit for sturdy honesty both in motives and in acts.

Macmahon was born in 1808, while the first Napoleon was still master in Europe. He came of an Irish family that was ruined by its adherence to the Stuart cause. Being of high birth in their own country, they mingled their blood with the old French nobility. His father was a peer of France, and one of the intimate friends of Charles X. He entered the military school at St.-Cyr in 1825, and from there went into the army. He served in Africa in 1830, and was at the siege of Antwerp in 1832. He displayed great energy and gallantry, and received many promotions, so that in 1848 he was a Brigadier-General. In the revolution of that year he was conservative, and decided to wait the result of events before taking sides. He took the oath of fealty to Louis Napoleon's empire with much cheerfulness. When the Crimean war broke out Macmahon was in Africa. He was at once recalled, and placed in command of a division of infantry in the corps of Marshal Bosquet, taking the place of General Canrobert, who had retired from the field in front of Sevastopol. When the assault on the Russian works was decided upon Macmahon was given command of the column that had the perilous job of attacking the Malakoff, the key to the situation at Sevastopol. He cut his way into the fort, and stubbornly held his ground against overwhelming odds. His superior officer, thinking the position untenable, and that all of the soldiers would be killed, ordered Macmahon to retire. The heroic soldier, with superb courage, refused to obey the order, and sent back the reply, "I am here, and here I shall stay!" The Russians soon retreated before him, and Sevastopol was taken. He received for this achievement the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor from his Emperor, and Queen Victoria nominated him a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath,

After the Crimean war Macmahon, now a General of Division, served in Africa, returning to take part in the war in northern Italy with the Austrians. His great achievement in that war was in the Ticino, near the bridge of Magenta. The French army for about a week had been making victorious progress, when they were unexpectedly attacked by a superior force of Austrians. They held their ground for several hours, and then began to yield. At this critical moment Macmahon, who had been detailed for other duty, threw his plans and instructions to the winds, and rushed into the battle at the head of his troops, with such impetuous and irresistible force that in a very little while he had made 7000 Austrians prisoners and put the whole army to rout. This was a splendid achievement, and recalled some of the feats of the great Napoleon. The Emperor, in recognition of this brilliant victory, made him on the very field of battle Duke of Magenta and Marshal of France. This was the high-water mark in Macmahon's career. He was France's most popular hero, and received ovations wherever he went.

He was made Governor-General of Algeria in 1864, and inaugurated a new system of government in the colony. The tendency of this system was to create and establish an Arab kingdom. This attempt was a disastrous failure. The colonists became dissatisfied and unruly, and in 1868, after suffering untold hardships, great numbers left Algeria for Brazil. Thousands of Arabs perished from hunger and disease. There was a tremendous outcry against Macmahon, and the idea of establishing an Arab kingdom under military rule was abandoned. He resigned and returned to France. He was soon required to go to war upon a larger field than ever before.

In July, 1870, France declared war against Prussia. Marshal Macmahon was given command of the First Army Corps, and intrusted with the defence of Alsace. His opponent was the Crown-Prince of Prussia, guided by the plans that Von Moltke had spent half a lifetime in maturing. He was beaten by the Crown-Prince time and again, and finally was captured at Sedan, after having been wounded and relinquished command to one of his lieutenants. As at Magenta Macmahon's fortunes were at their highest tide, so they were at their lowest at Sedan. He did not fight a skilful battle, and his fame as a soldier was seriously injured. As a prisoner of war he was taken to Wiesbaden, where he staid six or seven months. When he was able to return to France he was placed in command of the army at Versailles, and conducted the siege of Paris, which was in the hands of the Commune. His successful campaign ended in the capture of Paris and the destruction of the Commune. A wise and calm proclamation issued at this time helped wonderfully in restoring public confidence, and all good citizens felt that Macmahon was a safe man in dangerous times.

He now bent his energies to reorganizing the army. This was while Thiers was President. In May, 1873, Thiers resigned. There were 392 votes cast in the Assembly for a new President. Of these, 390 were cast for Macmahon. He accepted the office, and served for over five years. As has been intimated, he did not add to his fame by his civil administration. When he resigned the Presidency he retired to private life with the respect of all parties in France. He knew intimately many of the foremost men of his time, and has left a mass of valuable memoirs almost ready for publication.

## THIS BUSY WORLD

THERE are a number of men in the world who are usually worth listening to when they talk, but there are very, very few whose utterances on stated subjects are so invariably charged with entertainment and edification as those of Charles A. Dana. Mr. Dana knows accurately a vast number of things, and can discourse with ready erudition on a great many subjects, but if there is one thing that he knows better than another it is the art of making newspapers. His address on that subject, on October 13th, before the students of Union College, as reported at length in the *Sun* of October 16th, makes delightful reading. There are some seven thousand words of it, and every word is alive, informing, interesting, and to the point. As a whole, it is an edifying illustration of what it was best to say about journalism, and how it was best to say it. For these many years Mr. Dana has constituted in himself the strongest argument available against the theory, now nearly obsolete, that it ruined an aspiring newspaper man to be graduated from a college. He declares, in his address, that the one indispensable school of the newspaper man is the newspaper, and that all attempts to give newspaper training in colleges are bound to disappoint their promoters. But the general education that an attentive lad gets in a good college he considers most valuable to the intending journalist, and he deems a college training quite as useful to candidates for the newspaper profession as for other professional men. What to say and how to say it is what the newspaper man needs to learn, and to the end that he may do it, Mr. Dana especially recommends him to study Latin, Greek, and German, politics, history, the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton.

Mr. Dana's address is pretty sure to come to the attention of the gentleman who has charge of the newly started course in journalism in the University of Pennsylvania, who is not likely to overlook its possibilities of usefulness to his pupils.

Evidence has accumulated in the editorial rooms of HARPER'S WEEKLY of the dissatisfaction of certain sons of Indiana with an illustrated article entitled, "A Hoosier Harvest Jubilee," which appeared in the WEEKLY of September 30th. A page of pictures represented young Hoosiers climbing greased poles, chasing a greased pig, running sack-races, and dancing with Hoosier maidens to the music of fiddles on a lamp-lit platform. The supplementary letter-press averred that Indiana, and southern Indiana especially, abounded in harvest jubilees, where the country people gathered by thousands, and beeves and sheep were barbecued, and such simple sports as the artist had depicted were arranged for the amusement of the crowd. The impression left both by the picture and the description was that a great many people enjoyed themselves innocently and at small cost, and that no one was hurt. But some distinguished Indianians, solicitous for the dignity of their State, have maintained that the article gave a mistaken impression of the Hoosiers, representing them to be a much ruder people than they really are. Doubt has even been cast on the fidelity of the drawings, and some correspondents have assured the WEEKLY that such doings as its artist had depicted were unknown to the Hoosier State.

The WEEKLY has been at some pains to assure itself that the article is quite true, and that such jubilees as its artist has depicted are not rare in Indiana. But why should any honest Hoosier repine because of that? Must all American youth be too nice to chase a greased pig or run in a sack? Must American harvest-homes and country fairs all fashion their amusements on the model of the New York Horse Show? Is there to be no cake any more except lady-fingers, and no ale except imported "Bass"? Fie on these degenerate Hoosiers! They will be telling us next that James Whitcomb Riley's spelling is a libel on the State of Indiana. Be comforted, friends. So long as Indiana poetry outsells all the other American verse, and the romances of Indiana novelists outsell all other novels, and Indiana statesmen out-office-hold all the other politicians, no picture of Indiana rustic sport is likely to mislead any one to a dangerous extent as to the bottom facts about the Hoosiers. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the Scriptural test, and the Hoosiers can well afford to accept it.

The author of the *Memories of Dean Hole* is coming to this country after Easter to lecture. His visit is not for his personal enrichment, but in the interests of the St. Andrew's Cathedral in Rochester, England, of which he is the dean. His accomplice in his American tour will be the Rev. Mr. Crapsey, of St. Andrew's Church in Rochester, New York, whose parish is to share the profits of the venture. One of Dean Hole's distinctions is that he was for some years a habitual participator in the notorious Punch breakfasts. He will tell us, perhaps, while he is here, whether jokes were really ever made at those famous repasts. It would seem as if the one place where unseemly merriment could be trusted not to intrude would be where a company of professed jokists were gathered together for purposes of trade. And perhaps, indeed, the dean was the more welcome at the Punch gatherings because he was used by profession to solemn scenes and the contemplation of serious subjects.

"We are assured by a trustworthy gentleman," writes Eugene Field in the Chicago *Record*, "that if Mr. William D. Howells were properly approached he could be induced to come to Chicago and live here permanently." No doubt he could, if properly approached, but the way to do it would doubtless be to approach him from behind with a bludgeon.

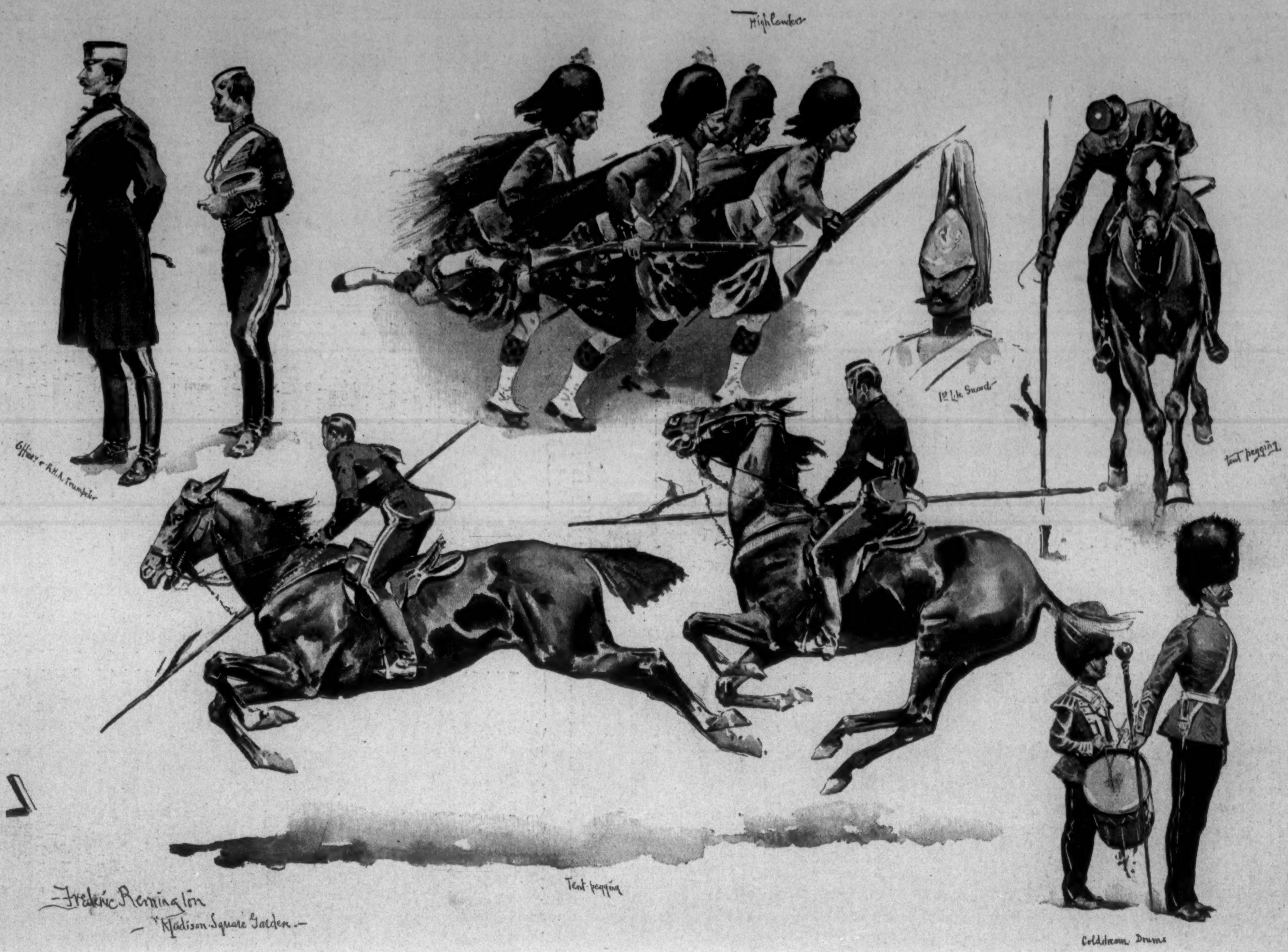
Does any one live permanently in Chicago? Does the sentiment of permanency really accrue there, even after a residence of several decades. Mr. Field has lived there for some years, and might tell, perhaps, if he would. In this age of railroads and steamships and trolley-cars permanency is a scarce commodity. Everything and everybody moves on. To live permanently even in Baltimore or Boston is an achievement; to live permanently in New York is an aspiration; while to live permanently in Chicago—what shall we call it? A dream, perhaps, which may possibly some time come true, if it doesn't degenerate into a nightmare. There was a man once who declared that the world was no better than a boarding-house anyway. He might have said, if he had tried Chicago, that life there was like boarding in an apartment in the Ferris Wheel.

There is a mistake about the announcement that has lately appeared in the newspapers of the impending publication of Professor Woodberry's book on James Russell Lowell. Mr. Woodberry's book is to be a Life of Mr. Lowell, and will be one of the series of "American Men of Letters," edited by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. Work on it is not yet far advanced, and will not be hurried. It will not be ready for publication for many months, probably not before 1895. The work that is coming out, and which the Harpers will issue during the present month, is the *Letters of James Russell Lowell*, edited by Professor Charles Eliot Norton. It will be published simultaneously in the United States and England. No volumes announced for publication this year have been awaited with more eagerness than these, and with good reason, since the Letters cover the wide range of Mr. Lowell's friendships and career, and constitute the most attractive collection of the sort since Motley's correspondence went into the hands of readers.

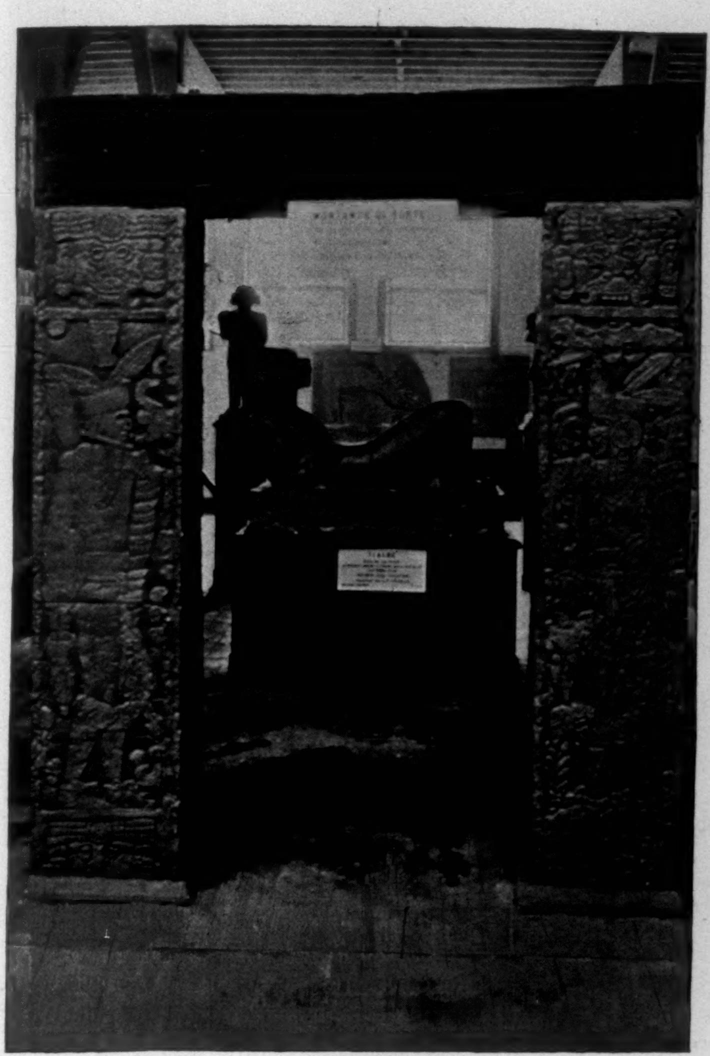
The great event of the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists last month in London was M. Zola's address on Anonymity in Journalism. Conceding that the British press owed to its unsigned articles its unquestionable authority, he still held very positively that at least "every literary article, every contribution in which the personality of the writer is brought into play, ought to be signed." How generally his opinion is shared nowadays in this country appears from the great increase during the last decade of signed articles in periodicals of all sorts. We do not suffer yet, and are hardly likely to suffer much from the "fever of individuality," which he says has wrought havoc with the French press. But individuality within reasonable bounds has a value that is recognized to-day in American newspapers far more generally than it used to be. In that respect the American newspaper has chosen the safe middle course between the French method and the English, and with characteristic modesty we are ready to believe that our way combines most of the advantages of the other two.

Where so much latitude in signing obtains as now in this country it is worth while for writers to consider the limitations which M. Zola's brief summary suggests. Every literary article should be signed, he thinks, and "every contribution in which the personality of the writer is brought into play." It would be interesting to know his views of the practice, now somewhat prevalent here, of signing jokes, and very brief humorous sketches, and short paragraphs imparting news or information, with which the personality of the writer has very little to do. To tag a bale of honest merchandise is all very well, but to brand a peach takes something of its bloom off, and a funny little story with "Roger Plantagenet Axminster" subscribed to it gives an effect very like that of a peach with the owner's brand across its cheek. So when one reads about the sufferings of the Prince of Wales from callosities on his toes, he does not feel that Reginald Montmorency Carpenter's signature really helps the piece. In Paris they require that the height of new buildings shall be proportionate to the width of the street. They do not permit, as we do, a narrow street to be blanketed by a sixteen-story structure. Managing editors would hardly seem too autocratic if they adopted an analogous plan, and ruled that the amount of signature appended to any article should bear some fair proportion to the amount and nature of the matter.

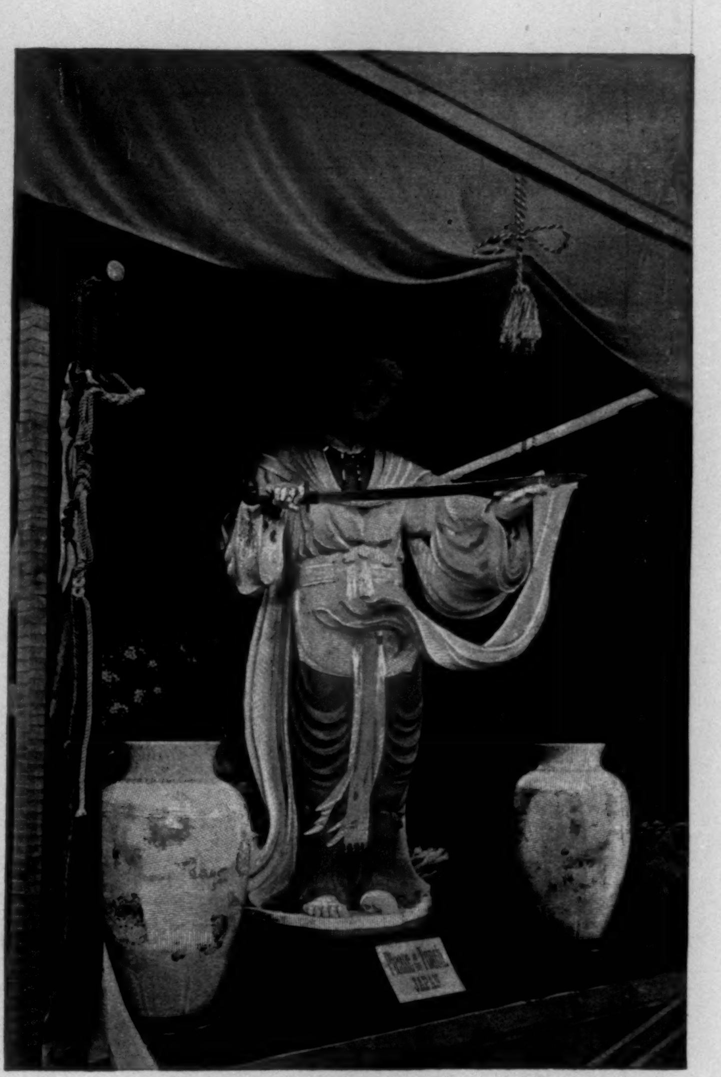
E. S. MARTIN.


Highlanders
1st Life Guards
Tent pegging
Officer & R.H.A. Trumpeter
Tent pegging
Coldstream Drums
Frederic Remington
— Madison Square Garden —

SKETCHES FROM THE RECENT ENGLISH MILITARY TOURNAMENT.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

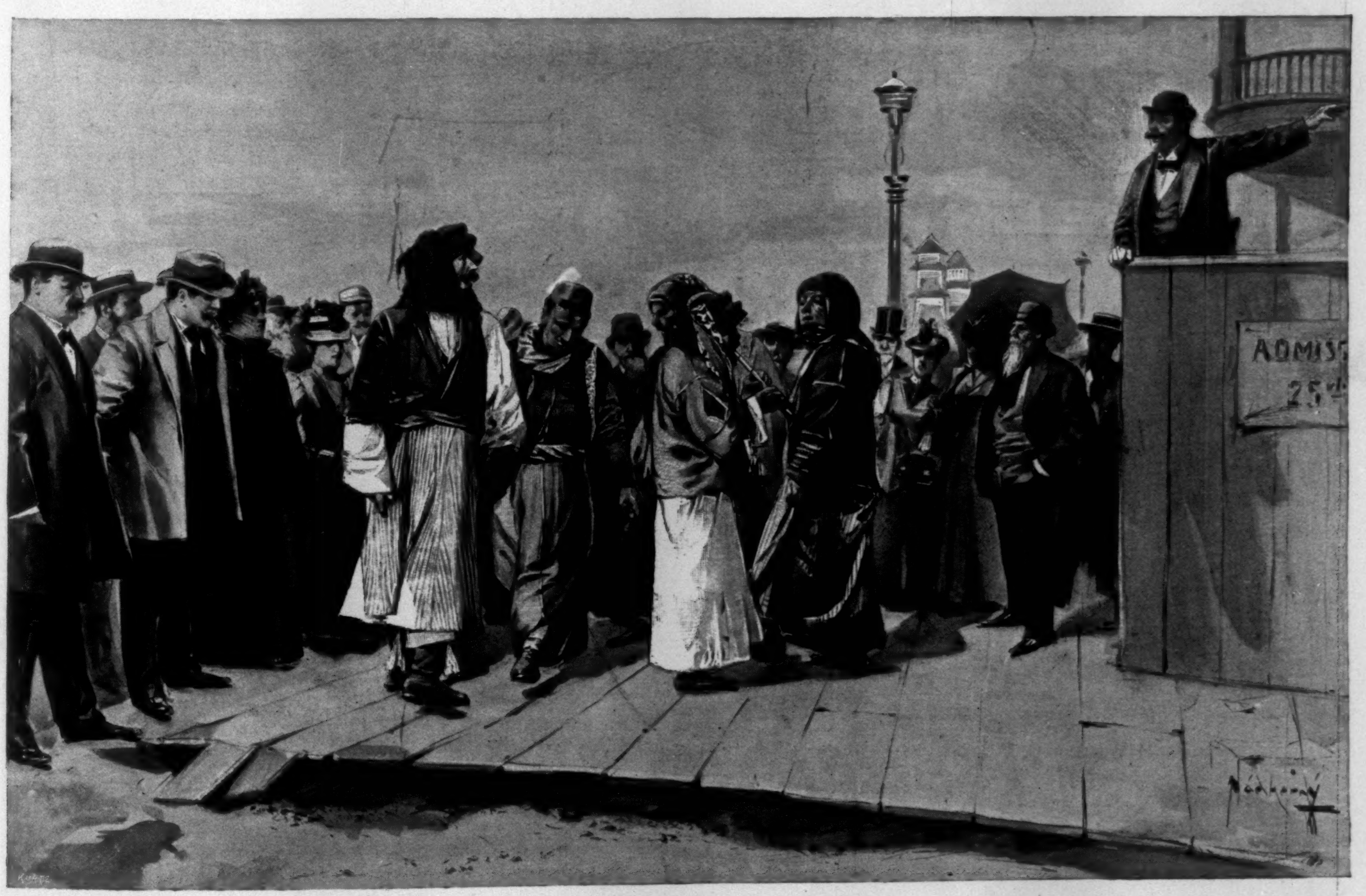


TLALOC, THE GOD OF RAIN—ANTHROPOLOGICAL BUILDING.
Cast of a recumbent Image holding a Bowl on its Stomach, found in Yucatan.

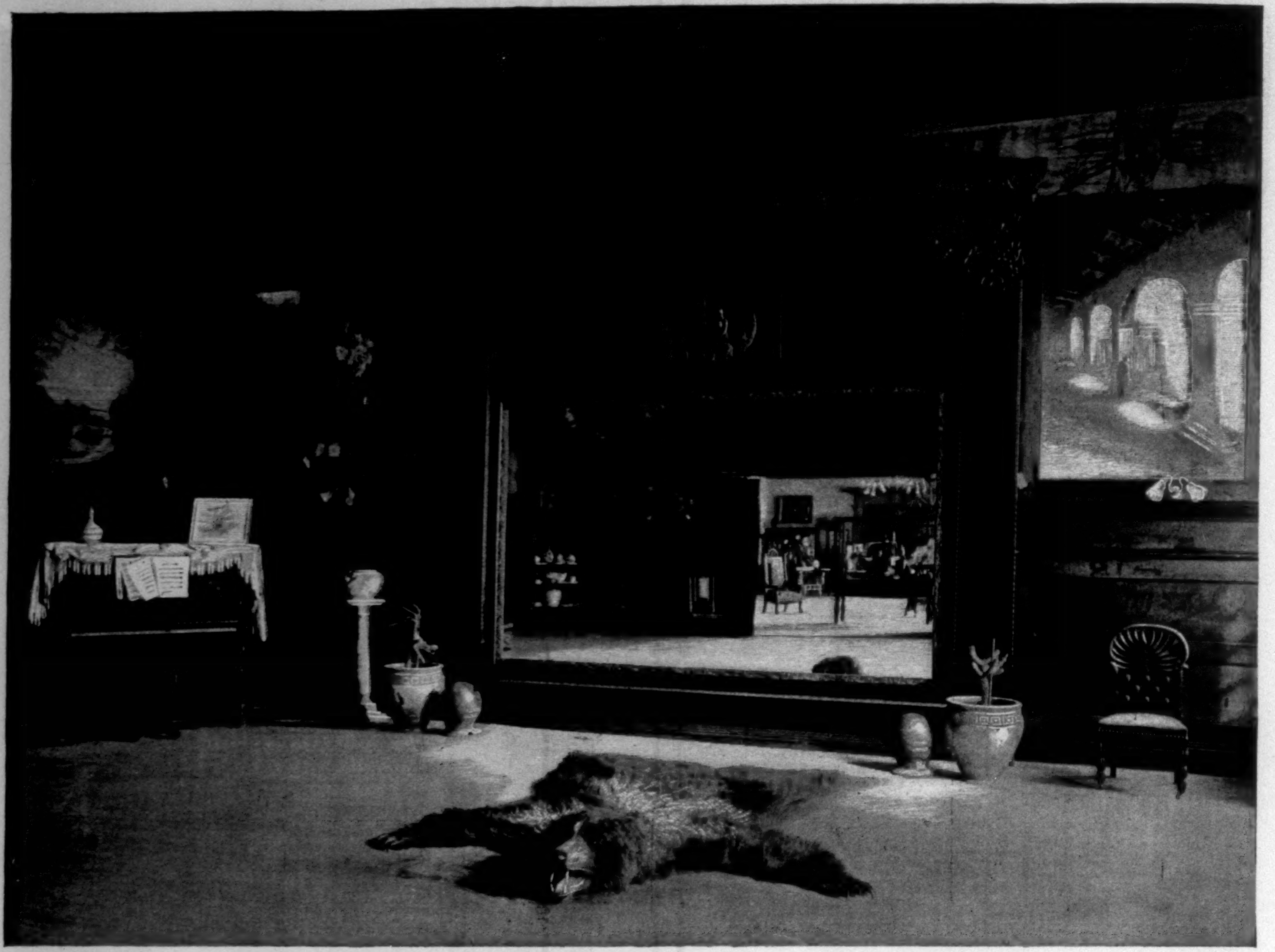


Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

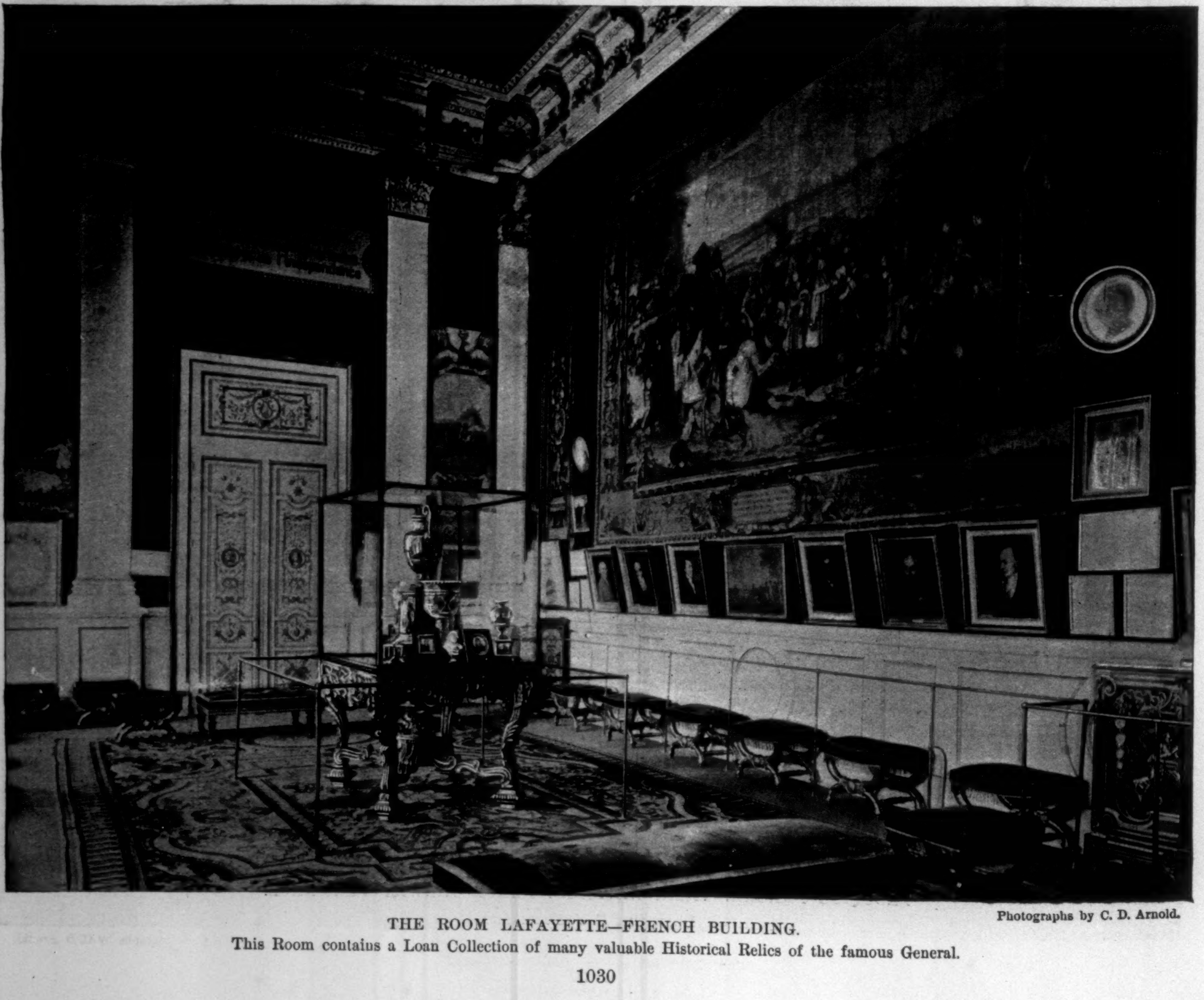
AN ANCIENT JAPANESE LADY—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.
An interesting Statue in the Japanese Section.



BEDOUINS DANCING THEIR NATIONAL DANCE—MIDWAY PLAISANCE.
Drawn by E. V. Nadherny.

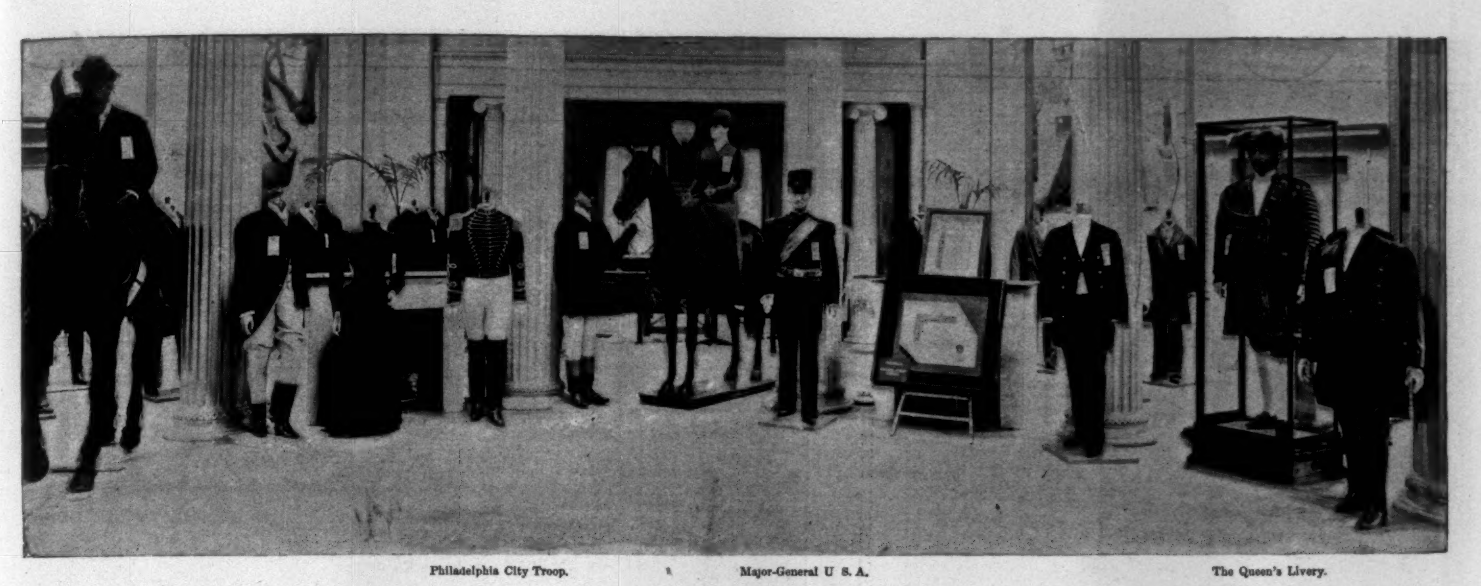


CALIFORNIA REDWOOD ROOM—WOMAN'S BUILDING.
The other Side of the Room and the Cincinnati Room shown reflected in the Mirror.



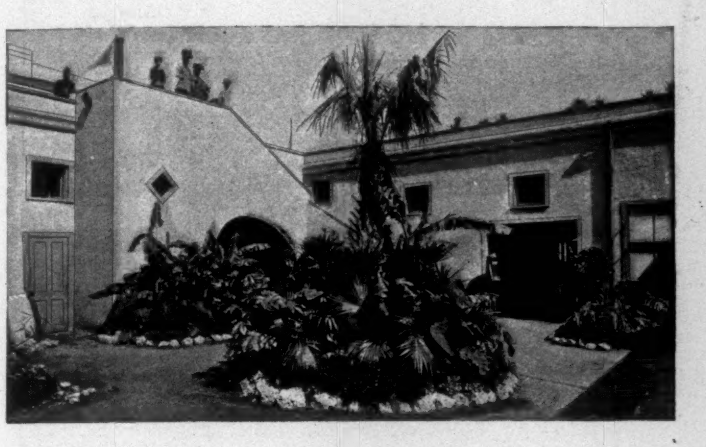
Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

THE ROOM LAFAYETTE—FRENCH BUILDING.
This Room contains a Loan Collection of many valuable Historical Relics of the famous General.

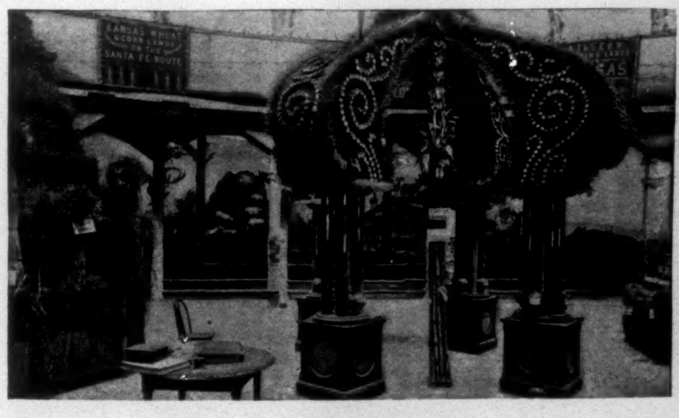


Philadelphia City Troop. Major-General U S. A. The Queen's Livery.

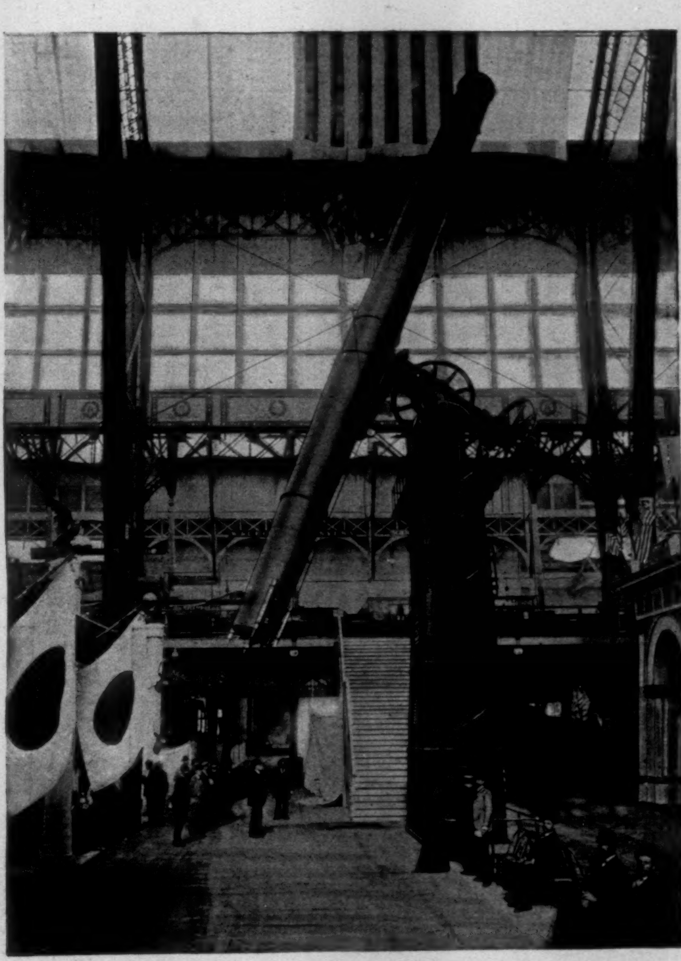
MERCHANT TAILORS' BUILDING.



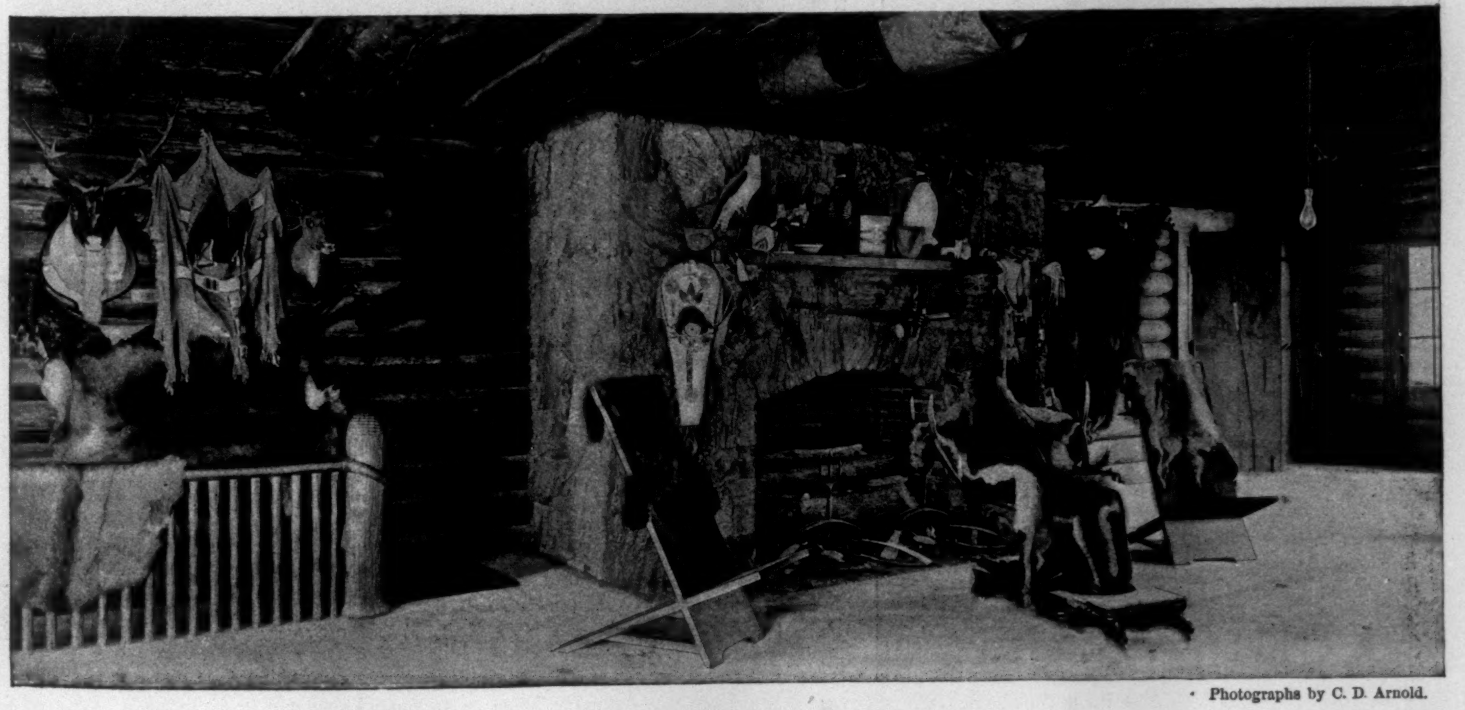
COURT OF THE FLORIDA BUILDING.



IN THE KANSAS BUILDING.



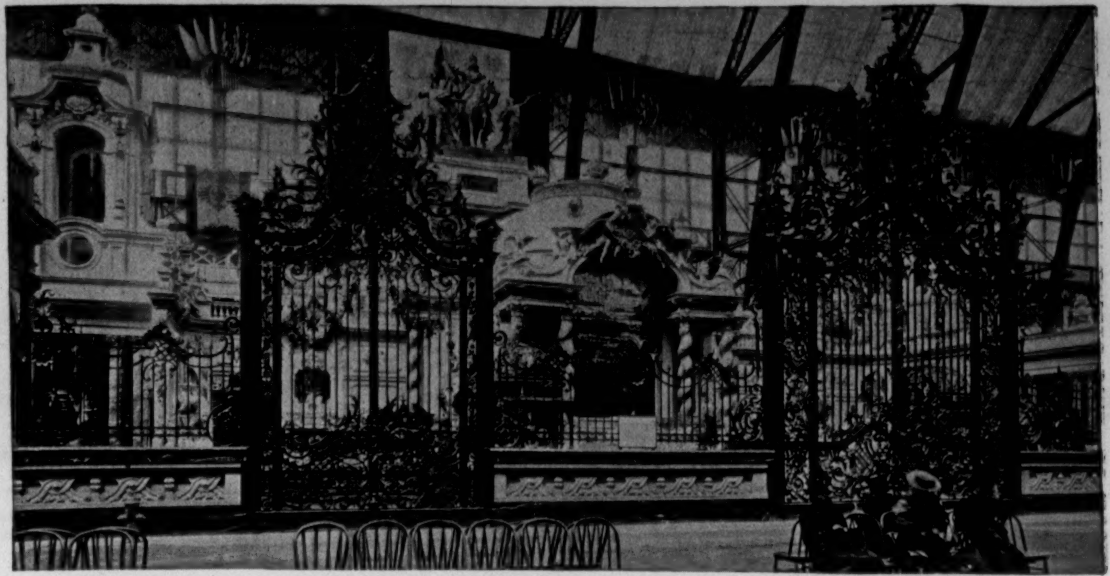
THE LARGEST TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.



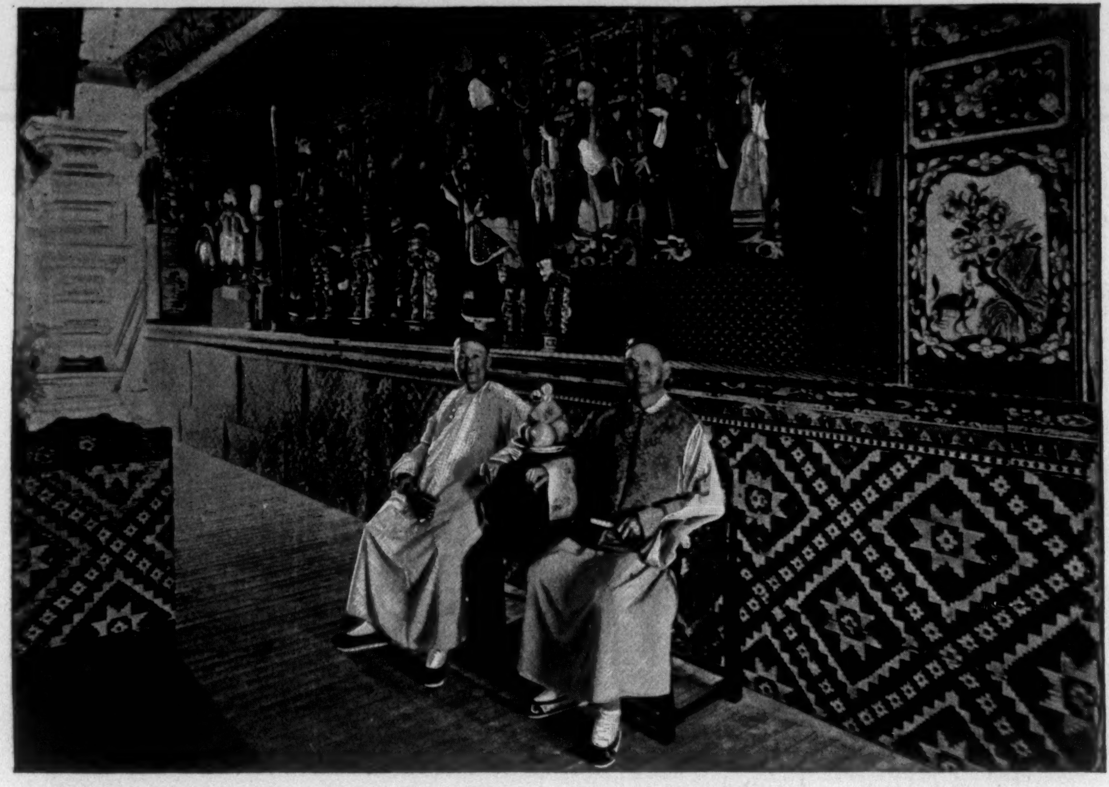
Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

THE HUNTER'S LODGE—IDAHO BUILDING.

THE JAPANESE GARDEN—HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.



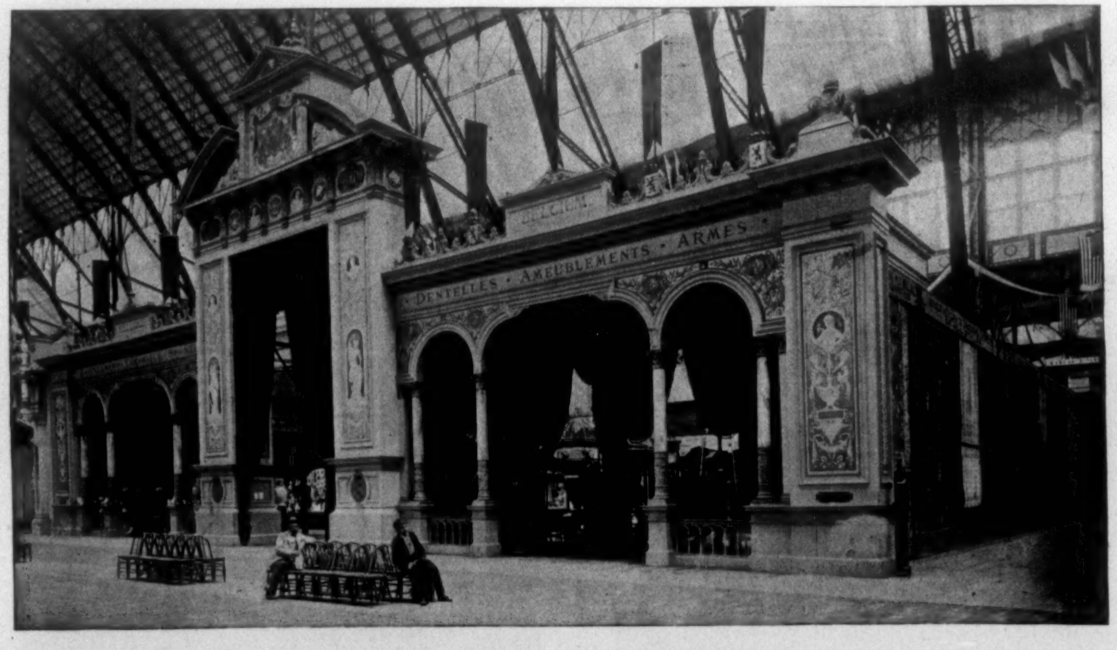
THE GERMAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.



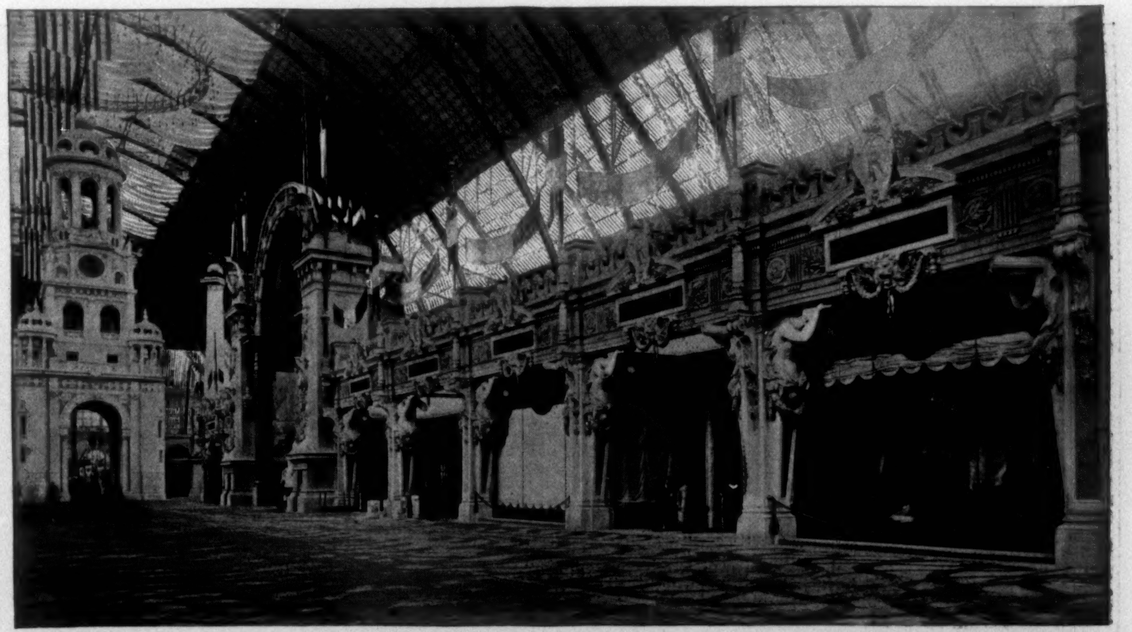
THE CHINESE EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

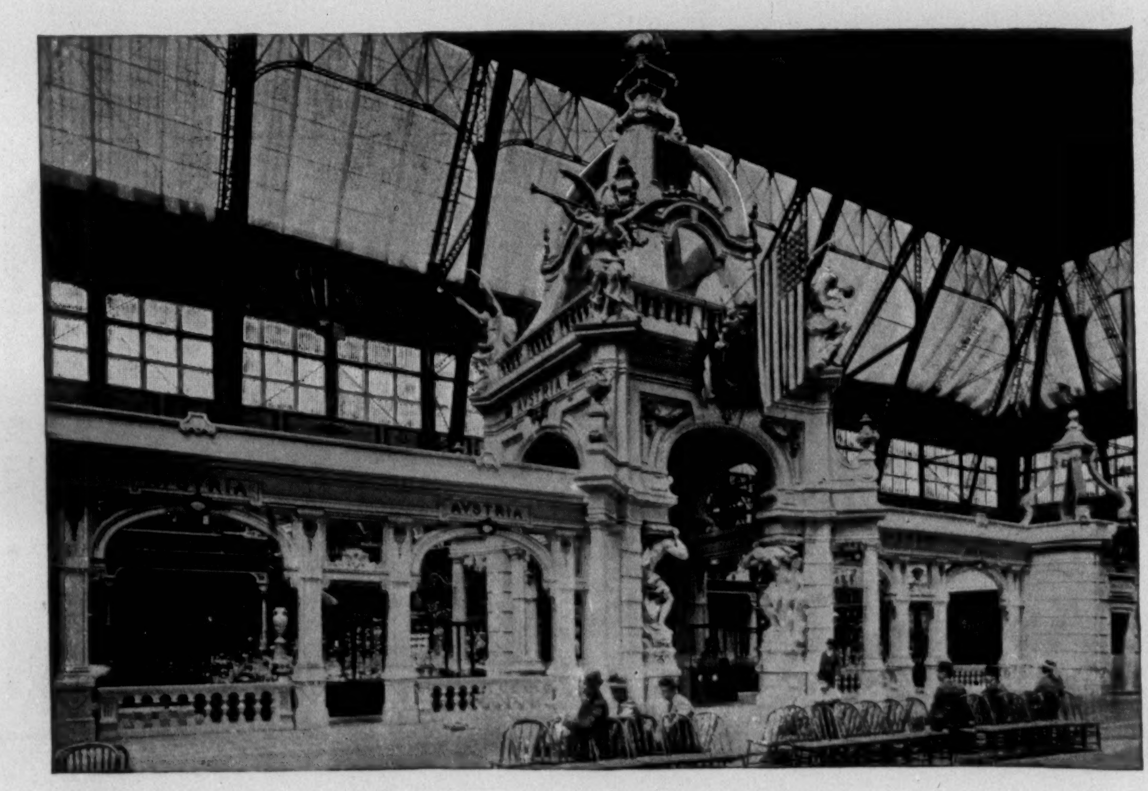
THE ITALIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.


DENTELLES · AMEUBLEMENTS · ARMES

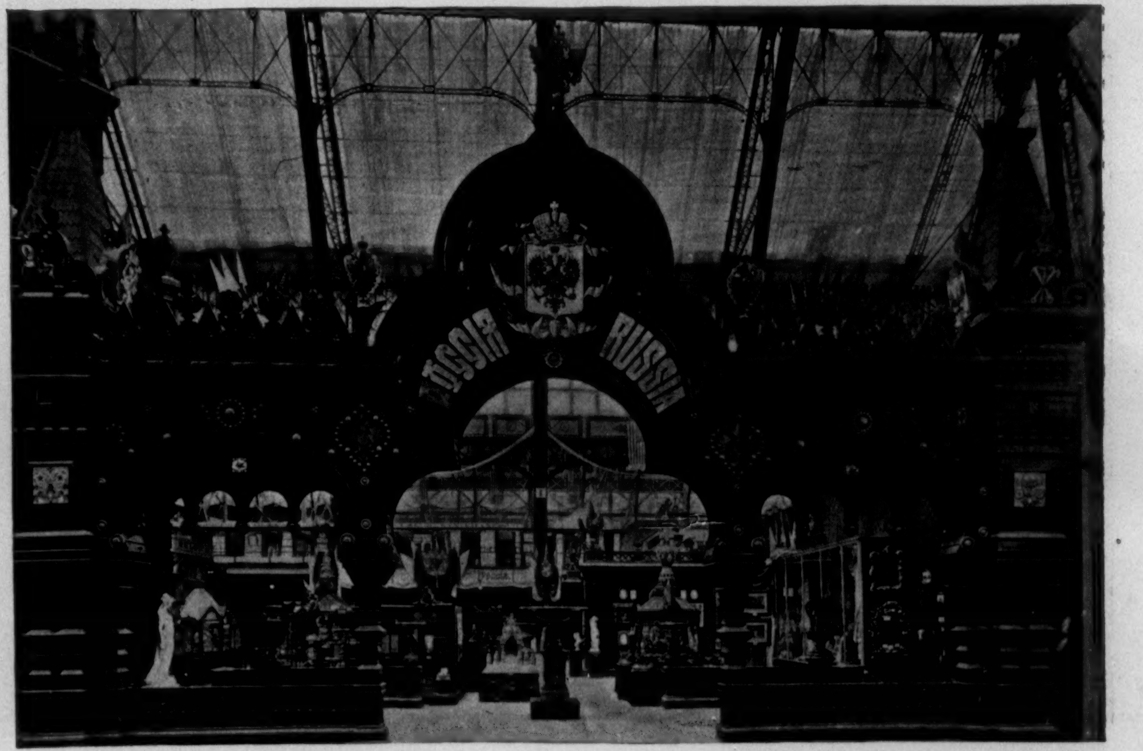
THE BELGIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.



THE FRENCH SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

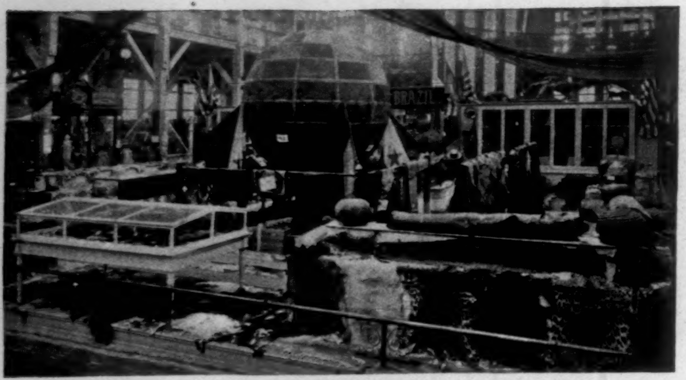

AUSTRIA
AUSTRIA

THE AUSTRIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

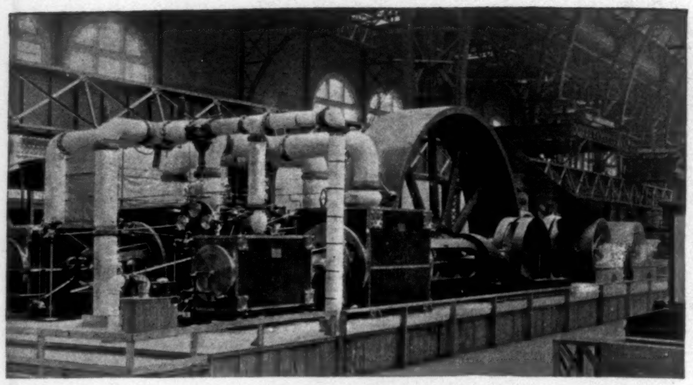

РОССIЯ
RUSSIA

THE RUSSIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

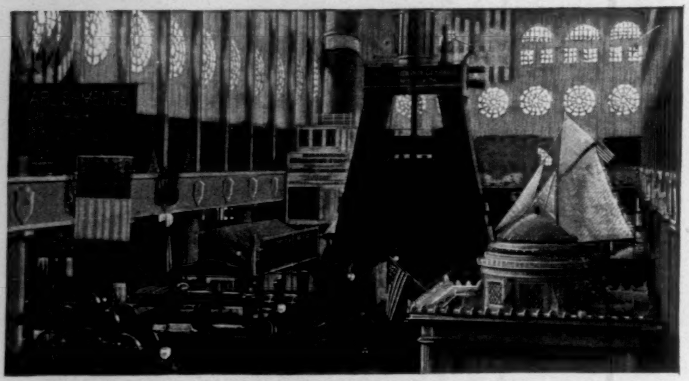
Photographs by C. D. Arnold.



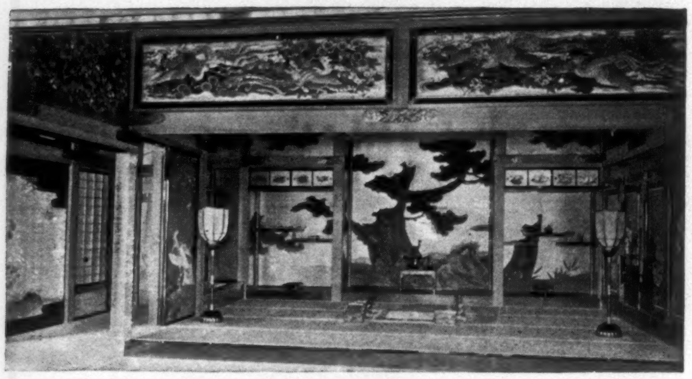
THE BRAZILIAN EXHIBIT—SHOE AND LEATHER BUILDING.



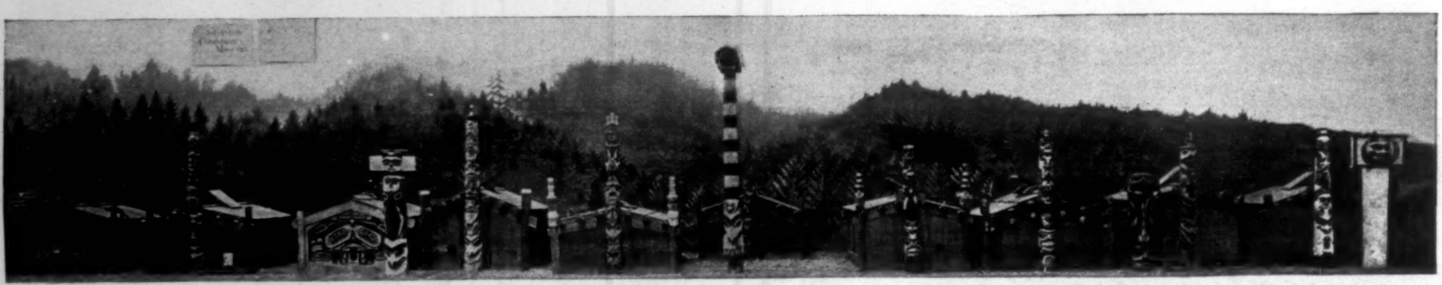
THE GREAT ALLIS ENGINE—MACHINERY BUILDING.



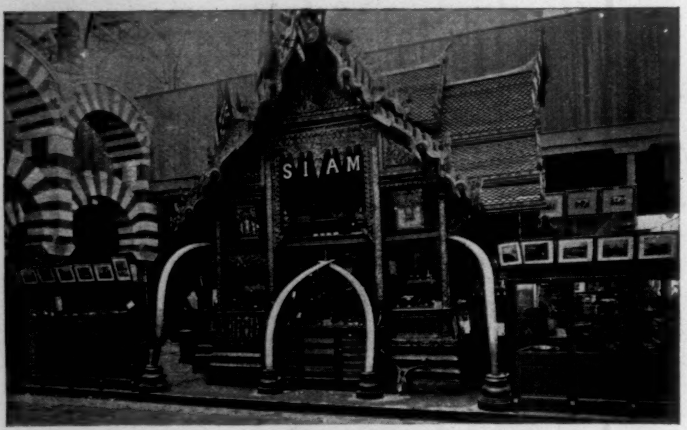
IN THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.
View looking South from Central Gallery.



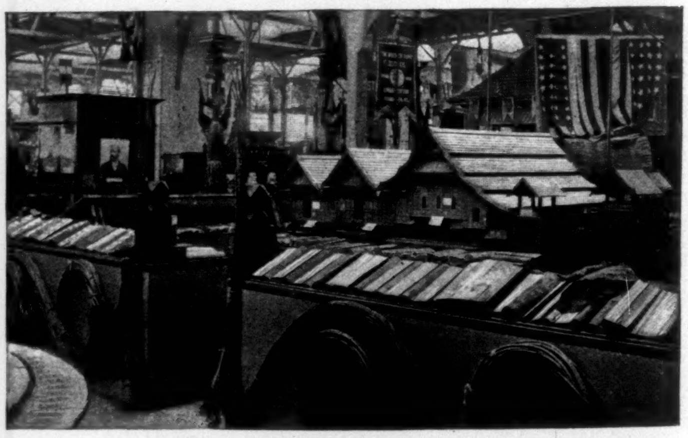
JODAN-NO-MA (CENTRAL HALL) OF HO-ODEN (PHŒNIX HALL).
The Japanese Exhibit on the Wooded Island.



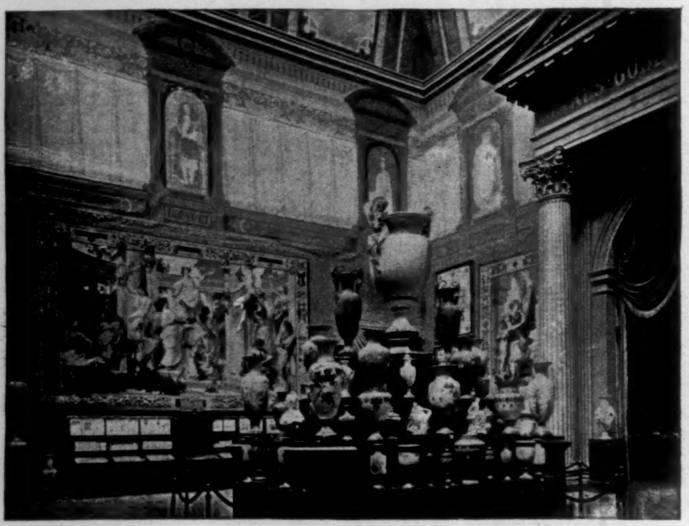
PART OF THE MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF THE SKIDEGATE VILLAGE ON QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLANDS—ANTHROPOLOGICAL BUILDING.



THE SIAMESE EXHIBIT—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.



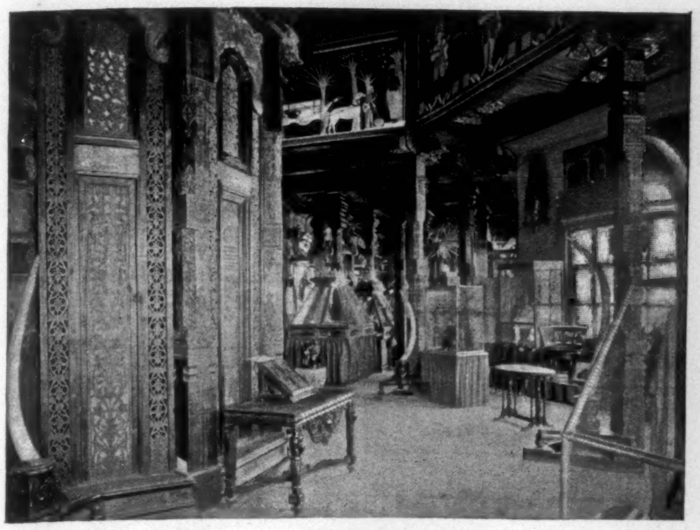
THE SULTAN OF JOHORE'S EXHIBIT—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



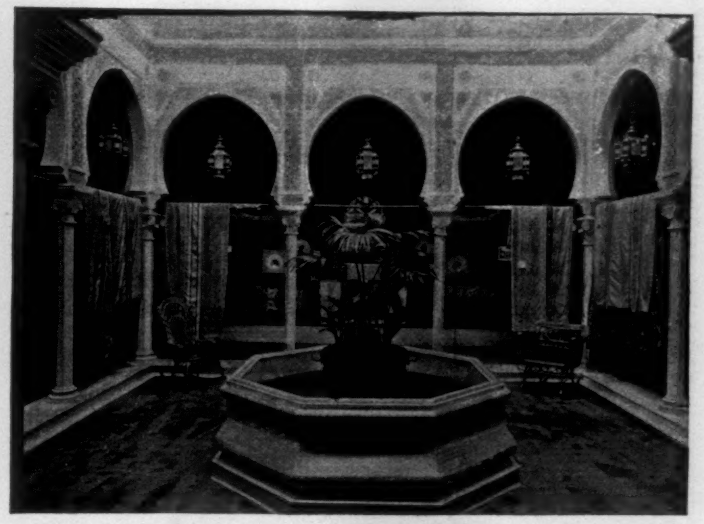
THE SÈVRES AND GOBELIN ROOM—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

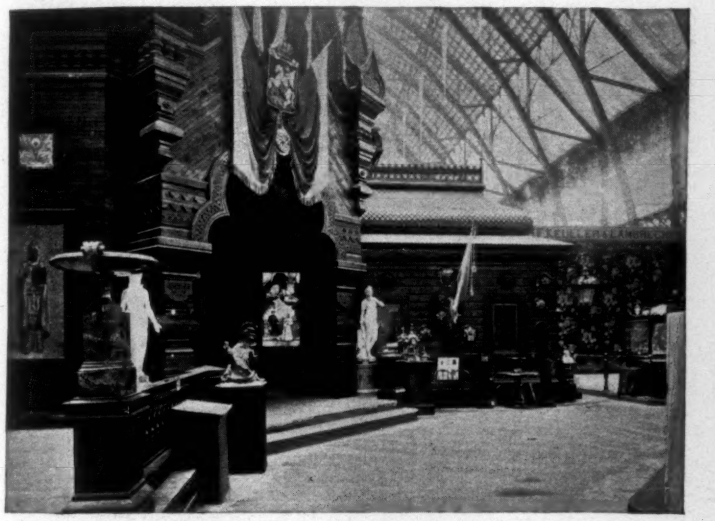
A CORNER IN THE GERMAN BUILDING.



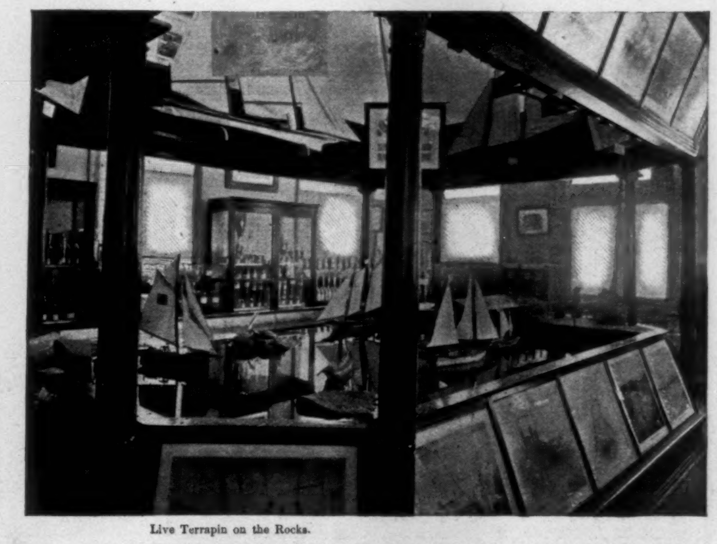
IN THE CEYLON BUILDING.



ALGERIAN COURT—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

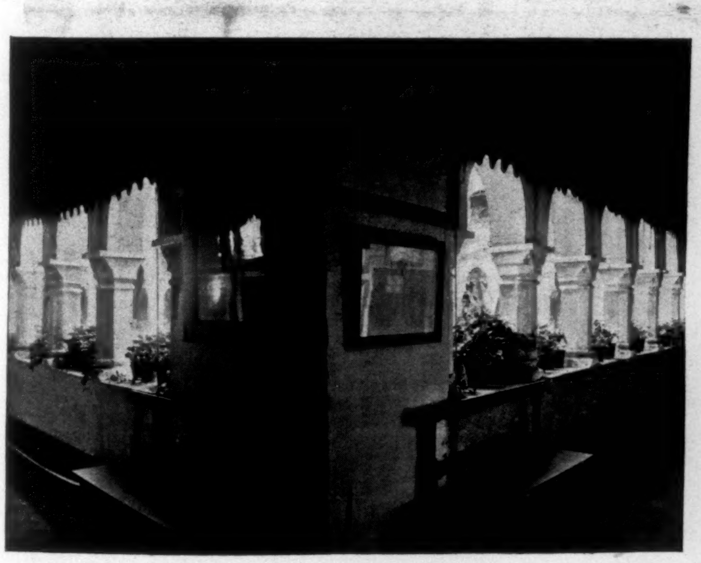


DOORWAY IN RUSSIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

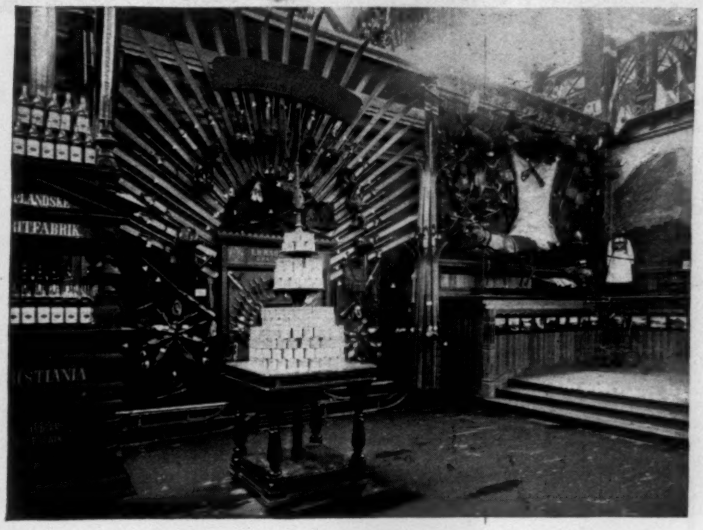


Live Terrapin on the Rocks.

OYSTER FISHERIES EXHIBIT—MARYLAND BUILDING.



IN THE CLOISTERS OF LA RABIDA.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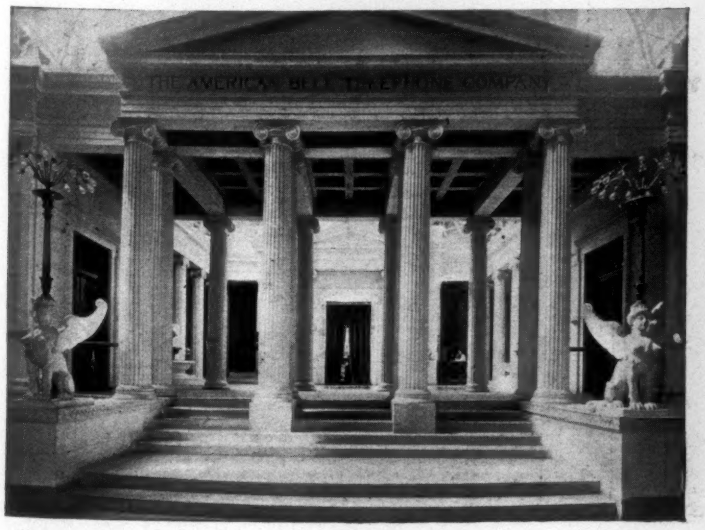
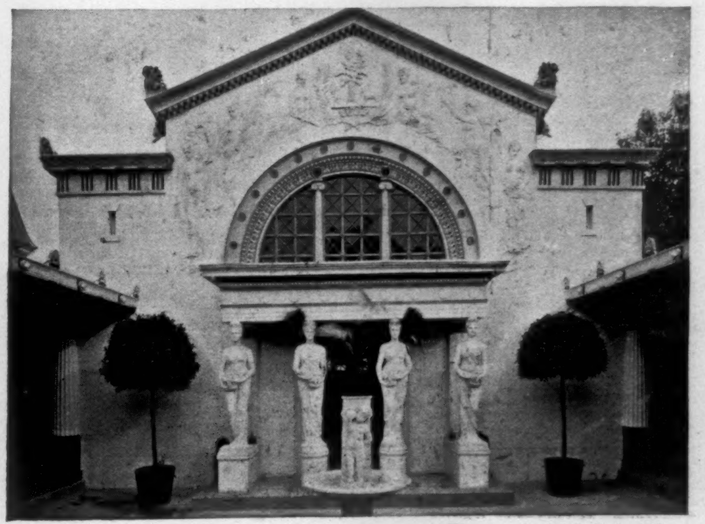
ISTIANIA

SKEE DISPLAY, NORWEGIAN SECTION—MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

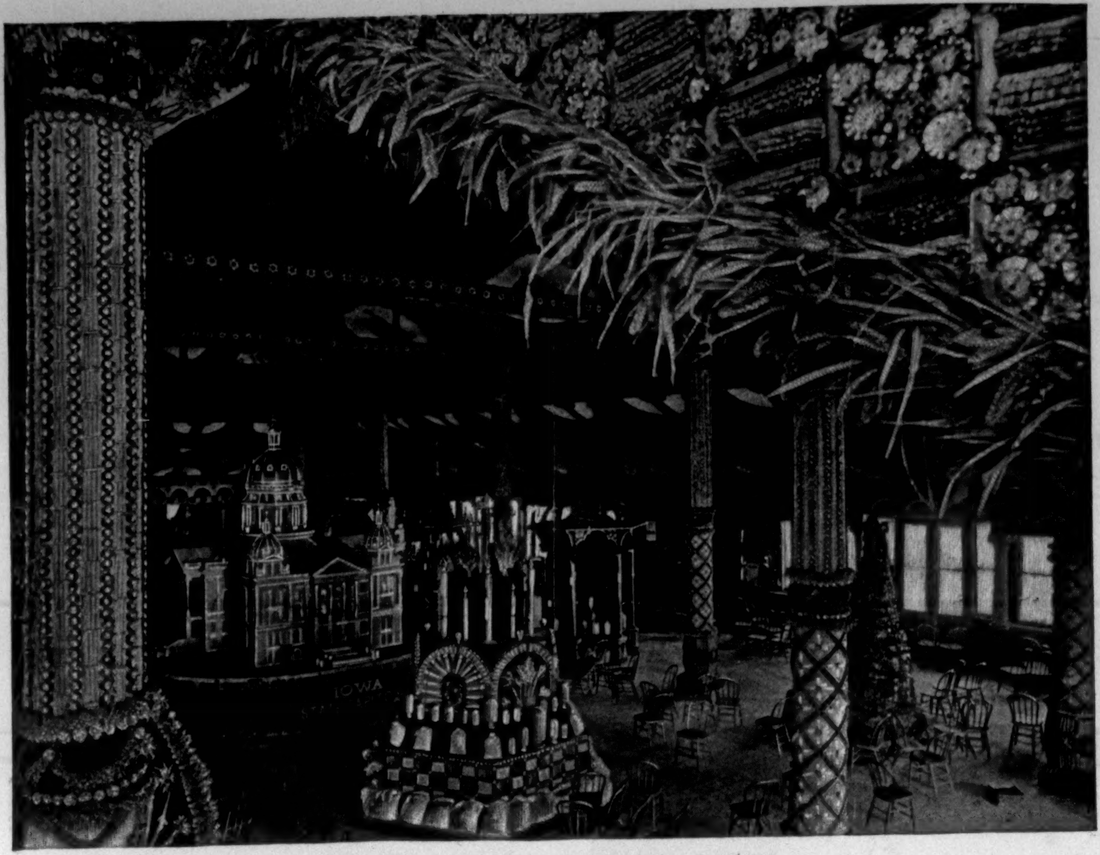

THE AMERICAN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY

PAVILION OF THE BELL TELEPHONE EXHIBIT—ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

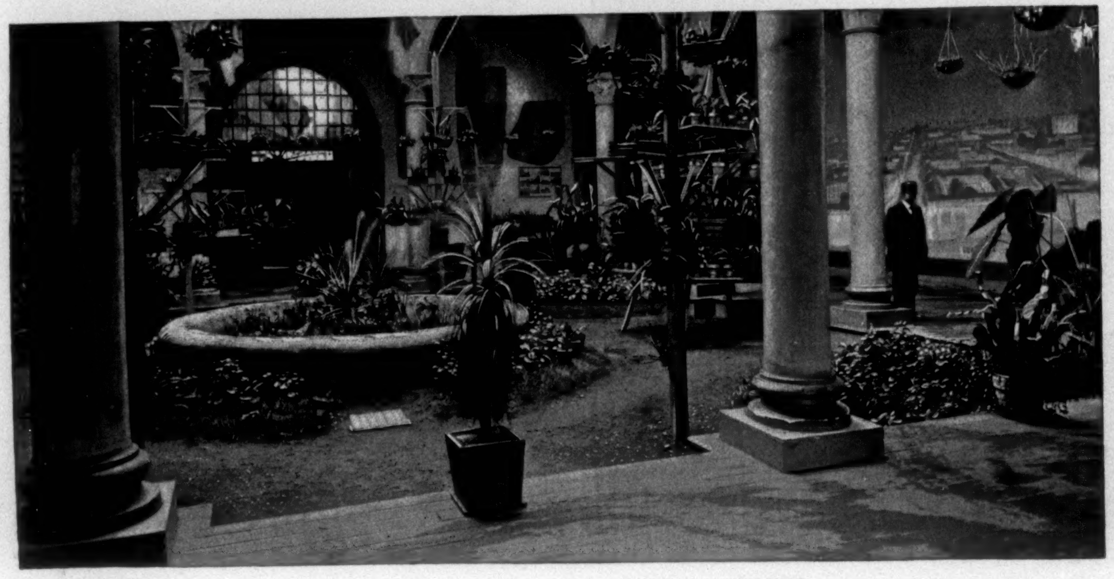


Photographs by C. D. Arnold.

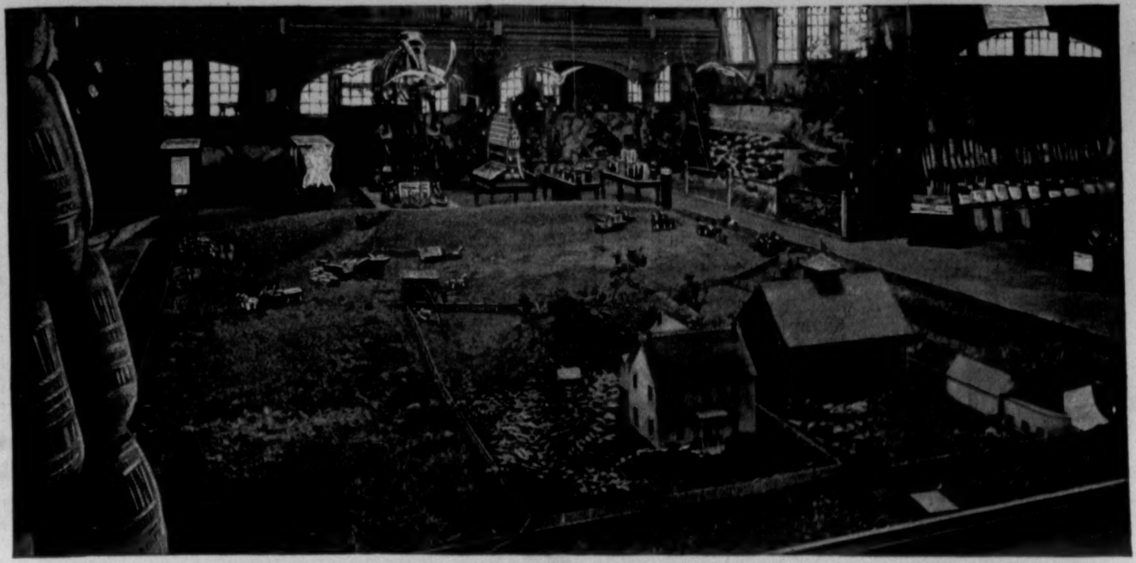
DOORWAY IN VERMONT BUILDING.



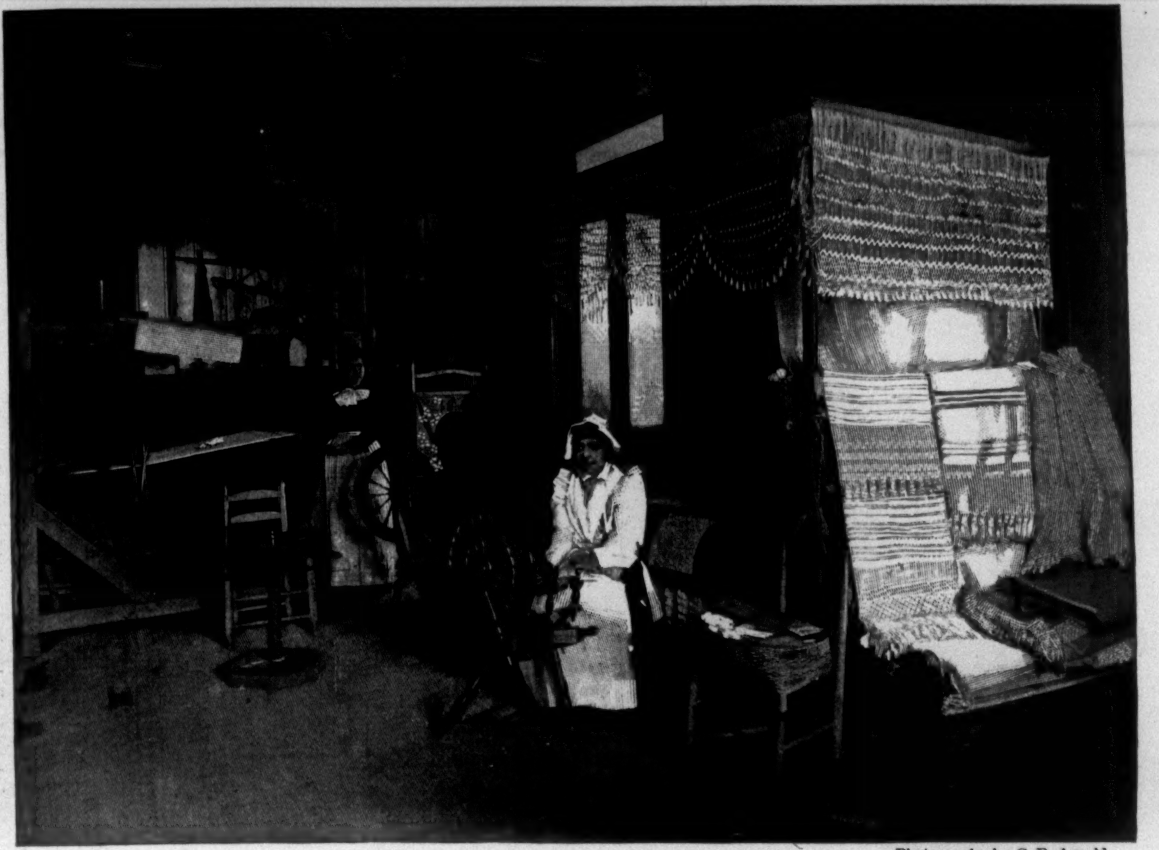
THE CORN DECORATIONS IN THE IOWA BUILDING.



THE INTERIOR COURT OF THE GUATEMALA BUILDING.

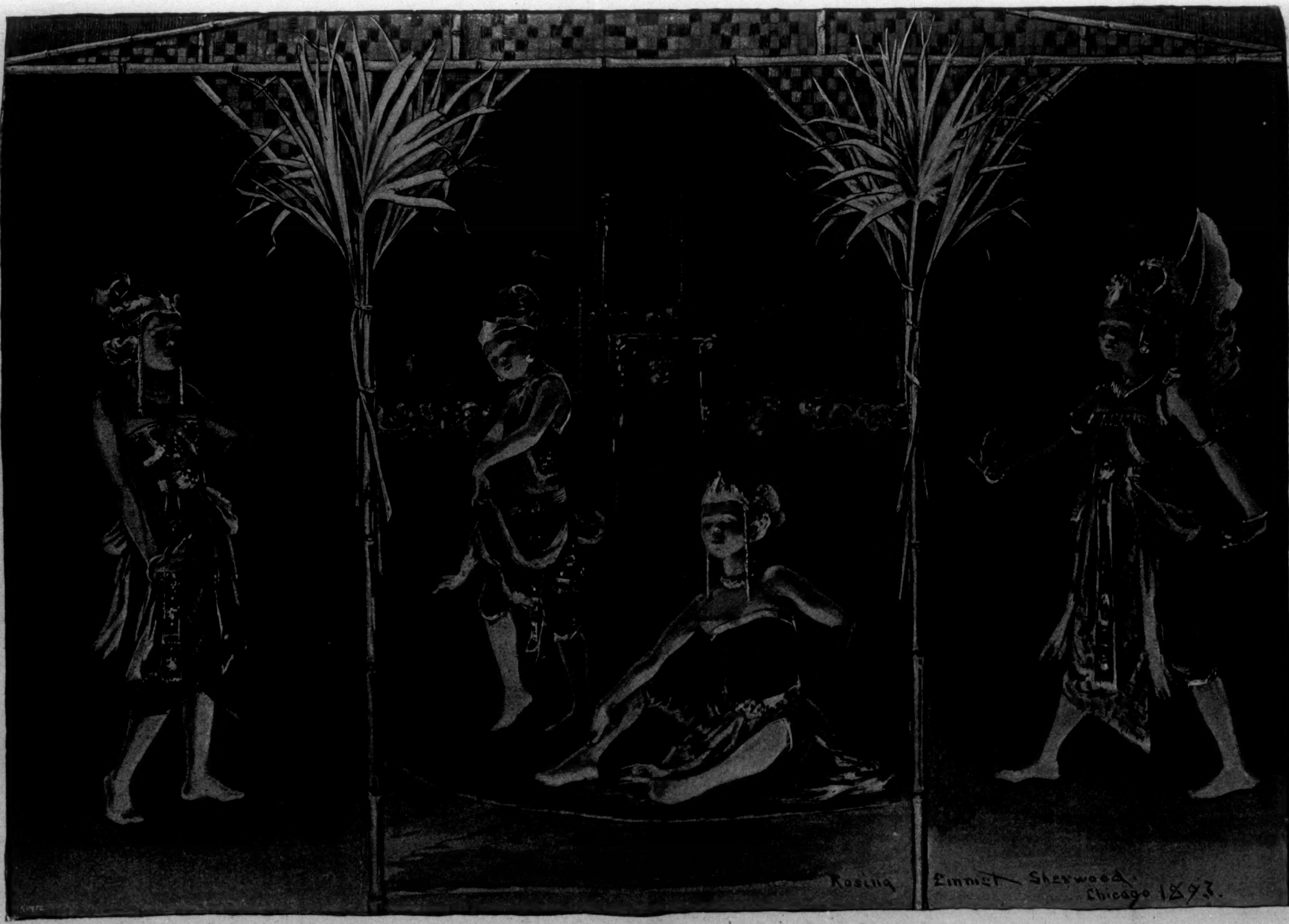


THE MODEL FARM IN THE WASHINGTON BUILDING.



THE ACADIAN ROOM IN THE LOUISIANA BUILDING.

Photographs by C. D. Arnold.


Rosina Emmet Sherwood.
Chicago 1893.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JAVANESE DANCING GIRLS.—Drawn by Rosina Emmet Sherwood.—[See Page 1038.]

## BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

### THE LAY OF THE OBSTRUCTIONIST.

I AM a gay Obstructionist—oh yes, indeed I be;
There's nothing in the universe that is too slow for me.
I put things into people's way, so that they cannot do
The business they would go about, the business they'd put through.

If some one tries to talk to me on Tariff or Finance,
I ask him how he likes my hat, or where he buys his pants;
And if he does not answer me, I smile in guileless way,
And ask him what he thinks's the chance of rain or shine to-day.

I make a pile of speeches—I'm a U. S. Senator:
With thirty-nine already I have made the rafters roar.
They're easy of construction, too—I'll tell you how they're done.
Oh my! oh dear! it makes me laugh, it is such lots of fun.

I take three dozen anecdotes and paste 'em on a strip,
Some twenty-seven inches 'twixt each little printed slip;
And then I put between 'em rhymes from men like Tennyson,
With here and there a line from *Punch*—a little joke or pun.

To preface this, I take a yard or two from Bryce and Mill,
And jumble up the two with some considerable skill.
A chapter then from Dickens, and statistics somewhat mixed,
Are thereupon to this result with good strong glue affixed.

Six columns from the gold-bug press, with seven in reply,
Are then tacked on to swell the whole—oh dear, I am so sly!
And then to cap her off, if I now find myself in straits,
I add the Constitution of our dear United States.

And, oh, it makes a bully speech! It may lack some in strength,
But what we're after now is unadulterated length.
Excuse me if I go into an ecstasy of glee,
But really this Obstruction is delightful unto me.

It doesn't take much labor of the intellect, I find,
Which is most pleasing to the man who likes to spare his mind;
But best of all, it takes me back unto that boyhood day
When it were bliss of sweetest stamp to stand in others' way.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Democrats of Massachusetts have nominated for Governor the Hon. John E. Russell, and the Republicans the Hon. Frederic T. Greenhalge. Mr. Russell was born in the town of Greenfield, Massachusetts, in 1833. His father, whose name he bears, had been for many years engaged in the manufacture of cutlery in that place, and from the considerable means which he had acquired was in a position to give his son the best educational opportunities. The elder Mr. Russell had a dislike, then tolerably prevalent, to college education, and on this account arranged a special course of study for his son, largely under the supervision of private tutors, by which means he received an exceptionally thorough training in the Spanish and French languages. In 1856, soon after his marriage, he started upon an extended tour through South and Central America, with, at the time, the purpose of collecting material to write a history of the Spanish-American countries. While residing in Central America, his knowledge of the Spanish language, his engaging social qualities, and his diplomatic ability so impressed themselves upon the minds of the representatives of the Panama Railroad and Pacific Mail Steamship companies that, after solicitation, he was persuaded to abandon his literary project, and act as diplomatic agent for these two corporations in their relations with several of the governments of Central America, receiving for his services, although then not twenty-five years of age, a salary of $15,000 per annum—a much larger remuneration than the same amount would represent at the present time. Mr. Russell returned to this country in 1864, and for the next three years, or until Messrs. Wells, Fargo, & Company bought out the business, represented at Washington, New York, and other Eastern points the overland mail interests of Ben Holliday, who then controlled a large part of the mail transportation west of the Mississippi River. In 1867 Mr. Russell retired from business life, and took up his residence in the town of Leicester, Massachusetts, devoting his attention to farming. From 1880 to 1886 he acted as secretary of the State Board of Agriculture and trustee of the State Agricultural College, actively interesting himself in bringing the farming interests of the State prominently to the attention of the people. In 1886 he was elected to Congress from the Tenth Massachusetts District, and his one term of service there is the only distinctly political office he has ever held. For a number of years past he has taken an active part in campaigning work for the Democratic party, having spoken not only in all parts of New England, but also in a number of the Western States. Mr. Russell has rare personal attractions. He has read and travelled extensively, and has met and known a large number of interesting and influential people. These experiences, acting upon a mind of great vivacity and originality, have resulted in making him one of the most delightful companions imaginable. He carries with his sixty years the light-heartedness of a boy, and hence it is not strange that he is the warm personal friend of a large number of men—politicians and office-holders among the rest—who are politically opposed to him. Mr. Russell is, like his chief opponent in the present campaign, a fluent and witty talker. Of the two, it is probable that he is rather more inclined than his rival to allow feelings for others to blunt the keen edge of witticism. Mr. Russell has no children, and, except when engaged in politics, passes his time traveling or working on his farm at Leicester.

Mr. Greenhalge, the Republican candidate, was born in 1842, at Clitheroe, a small manufacturing town in Lancashire, England, about 30 miles north of Manchester. His father, a skilled workman, although burdened with the support of a family of seven children, had the intelligence and foresight to realize the advantage of giving to these young members of his family a training and education calculated to improve their condition in life. Partly on this account, and partly because of the better prospects of employment, the elder Mr. Greenhalge, when the subject of this sketch was in his teens, left England for the United States, where he found employment and took up his residence in the city of Lowell. The present Republican candidate for Governor of Massachusetts passed his early life under conditions similar to those of most New England boys of good mental attainments but of limited means. He passed through the grammar-school of Lowell, graduated with honor from its high-school, and in 1859 entered Harvard College. Three years later the death of his father forced him to abandon his studies at Cambridge and find the means of earning his living. He taught school for a while, served an apprenticeship in a counting-room, and for some six months was connected with the commissary department of the United States army in the Military Department of North Carolina. During the period between 1862, when he left college, and 1865, when he was admitted to the Middlesex bar, such leisure time as he had at his disposal was occupied with the study of the law, and his admittance to the profession under these circumstances indicated on his part exceptional aptitude and intelligence. His personal inclinations led him to turn to political life, and from 1868, when elected a member of the Common Council of Lowell, up to the present, he has been for the greater part of the time the holder of various public offices. These included, by a natural progression, the school committee, the Mayoralty of Lowell, membership in the State Legislature, the City Solicitorship, and membership in the United States House of Representatives. In addition, and in spite of his political activity, Mr. Greenhalge has zealously followed his profession, and in this has made for himself a well-deserved though possibly circumscribed reputation, his law practice bringing in to him a good income. As a political orator Mr. Greenhalge holds a high rank—a fact brought into prominence during his service in the Fifty-first Congress, when, as member of the Committee on Elections, he was called upon to present to the House, on behalf of his Republican associates, a number of important contested election cases, a service that he performed with a readiness and eloquence which won for him at the time a national recognition. Possessed of a pleasing voice, a ready command of idiomatic English, and highly developed powers of imagination, Mr. Greenhalge is a speaker whose popularity is readily acknowledged even by those of opposing political convictions. These aptitudes are at times somewhat treacherous, in that they have led him now and again to make statements which a less impulsive and ready politician would have refrained from making. However, this very fire and intensity of mind is the characteristic that has gained for him so large a degree of popularity among the Republicans of his State, and he has perhaps no more than others the defects of his virtues. Mr. Greenhalge was married in 1872 to Isabella Nesmith, whose father had formerly been a Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. He has three children, a daughter and two sons, one of the latter a student now at Andover, Massachusetts. Mr. Greenhalge still lives at Lowell, and has been identified there with a number of social, literary, and charitable undertakings.

## CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

THE intelligence of the death of the French composer Charles François Gounod, who was stricken with apoplexy on Monday the 16th, and died on the following Wednesday, did not cause great surprise among those who keep themselves informed concerning the doings of music and musicians. He was seventy-five years old, and his health has been so precarious for a long time that he gave notice of the close of his career in 1891. He was at that time apprehensive of an attack of heart-disease, to which he was susceptible, and he feared to undertake a work of magnitude lest he should not live to finish it. The blow which solved for him the questions which he was wont to ponder, for Gounod was a religious mystic, fell on him in the villa of his wife at St. Cloud, where he was in the habit every year of spending the months from June to November. The rest of the year he lived with his wife, sister-in-law, and children in a beautiful house in the Place Malesherbes, Quartier Monceau, Paris, surrounded with nearly all the things which embellish life. This house is a mansion of white marble, in the style of the Renaissance, which was built for the composer in 1879 by his brother-in-law, M. Pigny. Like its exterior, its contents tell of the artistic tastes of the Gounod family, four generations of which have been in the service of art. The composer's grandfather was an engraver on metals, his father was a painter, and so is his son. Gounod not only loved the beautiful; he was rich and could gratify his love.

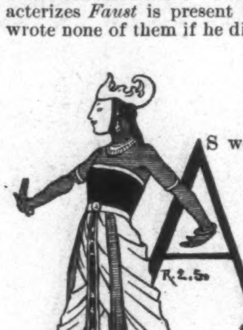
He enjoyed an income from his published works which was greater by far than that of any contemporaneous composer of music. For his two oratorios, *The Redemption* and *Mors et Vita*, written for the English choral festivals held at Birmingham in 1882 and 1885, he demanded and received $20,000 each. His opera *Faust* has been performed over one thousand times in Paris alone, and on every representation there or elsewhere, in Europe at least, he has collected a handsome royalty through the Society of Musical Composers, which guards the interests of its members with great jealousy. He was extremely industrious, as ready to put his hand, for a consideration, to a ballad as to a mass or an opera, and, whether they proved successful or not, all his compositions commanded large prices; for in the eyes of the great public Gounod was the greatest of contemporaneous French musicians. With him, when he entered upon the new beginning to which his speculative mind had long been looking forward, were all the members of his family, who shared, in separate establishments, his beautiful Parisian hôtel: his wife, his daughter, the Baroness de Lassus, his son Jean, now thirty-four years old, and his sister-in-law. In his personal character he was one of the most amiable of men, full of lovely enthusiasms, devoted to lofty ideals, fond of companionship, unreservedly communicative, especially when he had himself for the subject of conversation, free from all dissimulation, genial, sympathetic, and gracious.

Gounod was over seventy-five years old, having been born in Paris on June 17, 1818. His youthful experiences were like those of most of his colleagues, save that he was at first more intent on a classical than an artistic education. His father had died when he was but five years old, and his mother, who was a musician, had given him his first lessons on the piano-forte, while Reicha taught him harmony. When the first uncertainty concerning the choice of a profession was settled in favor of music, he entered the National Conservatory in Paris, and profited so rapidly under the instruction of Halévy, Le Sueur, and Paër that he took a second prize when nineteen years of age, and thus under the law escaped military service. In 1839, when twenty-one, he was successful in the competition for the *Prix de Rome*, and went to Italy as a pensioner of the Institute. In the Eternal City his thoughts were turned strongly toward religion, and his studies were devoted chiefly to ecclesiastical music. His compositions were masses, one of which, a *Requiem*, he produced in 1841 at Vienna. Before returning to Paris he made a tour through Germany, spending some days with the Mendelssohn family. His religious bent had induced him to leave the Villa Medicis, the official home of the Institutes' pensioners, before his departure from Rome, and enter a seminary; and no sooner had he reached Paris than he accepted the post of precentor of the Mission Étrangères, donned conventual robes, and gave himself up to writings for the Church.

Whether or not he took orders is not clear from the statements of his biographers. This much only is certain: In 1846 there was published *Offices of Holy Week*, by the Abbé Charles Gounod. Owing to his retirement he was forgotten in his native city, until attention was drawn to his music by an article in *The Athenæum* of London in 1851. M. Pougin is of the opinion that the article was written by Louis Viardot, husband of Malibran's sister, Viardot-Garcia, but he advances no reason why the article should not be attributed to Chorley, who was at the time one of the editors of the journal. The point is of little consequence beyond showing again the erroneousness of the idea that newspaper critics are the enemies of artists. An English musical writer gave Schopenhauer's philosophy repute in Germany, and an English criticism opened the consciousness of France to Gounod's genius. If the composer had set his mind on entering the priesthood, as was in all likelihood the case, the timely recognition which he received in London prevented the step. The criticism was translated into French; Viardot and his wife interested themselves in him, and through the intercession of the latter he secured a commission to write an opera for the Académie. The rest of his life-history is the story of his compositions. Though he did not abandon sacred music altogether, the next thirty years were devoted chiefly to the theatre, his operas being produced in the following order: *Sapho*, 1851; *La Nonne Sanglante*, 1854; *Le Médecin malgré lui*, 1858; *Faust*, 1859; *Philémon et Baucis*, 1860; *La Reine de Saba*, 1862; *Mireille*, 1864; *La Colombe*, 1866; *Roméo et Juliette*, 1867; *Cinq Mars*, 1877; *Polyeucte*, 1878; *La Tribut de Zamora*, 1881.

A few of Gounod's masses are still popular in the choir lofts, but his oratorios have been shelved, and it has long been recognized that he will be remembered solely as the composer of *Faust*. With that opera he reached the culmination of his achievements and the zenith of his popularity. Only one other of his dramatic works has been associated with it as a possible rival in the critical mind, and that, *Roméo et Juliette*, has enjoyed only a small fraction of the popular favor bestowed on *Faust*. The career of this work is, indeed, without parallel in the annals of the lyric stage. Nearly two years ago it celebrated its six hundredth performance at the Grand Opéra in Paris, into whose list it was accepted in 1869. In the ten years during which it belonged to the repertory of the Théâtre Lyrique it was performed four hundred times. None of its companions, save *Roméo et Juliette*, can be said to be living to-day. *Philémon et Baucis*, *Sapho*, and *Mireille* have been remodelled and revised, but all in vain. The vital spark is not in them, and galvanism does no good. Under the circumstances it is easy to understand how it came to pass that the gossips of Paris once professed to doubt Gounod's authorship of *Faust*, and told a pretty fable to the effect that the opera had been composed by a monk, whose contempt for the wicked and frivolous world was so great that, to escape the burden of glory, honor, and fame which he knew the opera would bring him, he gave the score to Gounod, with the injunction to copy it and announce it as his own. Of course this is the veriest and foolishest fiction. The style of composition which characterizes *Faust* is present in all of Gounod's operas. He wrote none of them if he did not write *Faust*.

## THE JAVANESE DANCERS.



AS we watch the odd attitudes and antics of the little Javanese actors, we are haunted with the idea of having seen something like it before—something as out of drawing and impossible, and at the same time decorative. They act many different plays, which are all much alike in plot and incidents, treating, I believe, of the loves of beautiful princesses and invincible heroes, and of the interference of villains. All the performances begin with an overture, followed by the entrance of half a dozen demure little coryphées with round soft childish eyes and tiny *retroussé* noses, who place themselves in angular attitudes and bend and twist their slim little brown hands, while the orchestra plays a rhythmic strain. These pretty little chorus girls wear jackets of bright-colored silk, high in the neck and long-sleeved, while the leading ladies have their shoulders and arms uncovered. After they have finished their quaint posing and have modestly withdrawn, the funny man, in a grotesque mask and a long baglike garment, appears, and dances about to lively music. Then comes the princess, her face covered by a white mask, and it dawns upon you that you have seen her archaic Greek profile with the smiling lips, her odd gracefully curved head-dress, and the lines of her drapery, and the position of her fingers and toes in ancient Egyptian pictures. It would seem that the similarity of the costume and head-dress could not be purely accidental, nor of the angular exaggerated attitudes, and the type of beauty expressed in the mask, which is so different from the flat-nosed, full-lipped Javanese type. But why should these strange little people preserve ancient Egyptian costumes and poses and profiles, when the Egyptians themselves and other Eastern people have lost them? The hero and villain next appear, but as they both look equally villanous, it is hard to distinguish them. With their grotesque red and blue masks and elaborate top-knots and their absurd strutting and prancing motions, they look like angry cocks. The music accompanies them through all their fights and bickerings with Wagnerian dramatic effect, and is sometimes slow and measured and sometimes agitated, but always expressive. By this time one has abandoned the idea of attempting to unravel the plot, and gives one's self up to admiring the dancers, who next appear. The Javanese women combine in their faces much of the beauty of the Hindoo and piquancy of the Japanese types, and have little slim graceful arms and fingers and beautiful soft olive skin. The men are generally thin, dried up, and wiry, and have none of the beauty of the women. There are four or five of the pretty dancers, and they go through their performance with charming solemnity, in spite of a constantly repressed tendency to giggling, which they evidently consider very naughty. As they appear in Chicago in the pretty bamboo and matting theatre, with its red cotton curtains and decorations of dried palm leaves, the cold blue daylight shining on them from above and the rosy glow of the foot-lights from below, and with the rich dusky colors of the orchestra with their red jackets and blue and green and gold lacquered instruments for a background, they present a feast of color never to be forgotton.

## THE REASSEMBLING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE extra winter session of Parliament commences on November 2d, and will be continued until within a few days before Christmas. Parliament is usually in session for seven months in the year. This year its sessions will extend over nearly ten months, the extra session being due to the time during which the House of Commons was exclusively occupied with the Home-rule Bill in the sittings from February to September. No English measure of first importance was advanced beyond its initial stages in the early part of the session. Numerous important bills were introduced, but all except two are to be abandoned for the present year. The two which are to be persisted in and taken up during the winter session are the District and Parish Councils Bill and the bill amending the Employers' Liability Act of 1880.

Under ordinary circumstances there would be little difficulty in proceeding with the Parish Councils Bill, for it is intended to complete the work which was begun by Lord Salisbury's administration, when in 1888 it carried the County Government Act through Parliament. This measure took county administration out of the hands of the squirearchy and placed it in those of county councils, in the election of which all rate-payers, whether men or women, have a vote. The measure of 1888, however, dealt only with the counties. The villages and the small unincorporated towns were left as they have existed for sixty years, with a system of local government quite out of keeping with that which exists in the counties and in the large towns and cities. In county and municipal government the democracy rules. In the small towns and villages, local administration is still associated with the Church, and largely in the hands of what is known as the vestry—that is, the annual meeting in the vestry of the church, at which church-wardens, overseers of the poor, and members of highway boards are elected. In these meetings the land-owners and the large farmers are the dominating influence, and the laborer has scarcely any voice at all.

The bill now pending in Parliament is intended to sweep away the antiquated vestry system, and replace it by councils for districts and councils for each parish or group of small parishes, in the election of which all householders shall have a voice, and the squire and the Church of England clergyman no more power than their neighbors. Both Liberals and Conservatives are pledged to this reform; only want of time prevented the Conservatives and Unionists from entering upon the work in the 1886-92 Parliament, and if home-rule were out of the way, both parties would without doubt coöperate, as they did in 1888, and produce as satisfactory a measure as the County Government Act of that year. But the Conservatives and the Unionists are opposed to any indefinite hanging up of the Home-rule Bill. They desire an early general election fought exclusively on the Irish question, and committed though they are to a further measure of local government to complete the act of 1888, they are not likely to be parties to any legislative measure which will tend to delay the election on the Home-rule Bill, or to give the Gladstonian Liberals an opportunity of fulfilling their numerous pledges made in the election of 1892, in order to improve their position with the electors in 1894.

It is the same with the Employers' Liability Bill. Both the Liberals and the Conservatives are now anxious to be on the side of labor, and were it not for the Irish question, the Employers' Liability Bill, drastic as it is, would soon be passed in the House of Commons. This measure amends the Act of 1880 in several particulars. Its most important clause is one which absolutely prohibits employers and employed from mutually contracting themselves out of the provisions of the Employers' Liability laws. All the great railway companies are up in arms against the measure; but it will pass the House of Commons between now and Christmas, if Mr. Gladstone can only keep all the five or six sections of his following in as regular attendance at Westminster as they were during the committee stage of the Home-rule Bill. The Employers' Liability Bill and the Parish Councils Bill are not measures which would commend themselves to the House of Lords; under any circumstances the Lords would haggle over either bill sent up from a House of Commons in which there was a radical majority. In the present situation of affairs they may throw out both, in order to provoke an immediate appeal to the country on the Home-rule Bill. The Liberals are inclined to hope that the Lords will take this course. Both measures closely touch the democracy, and it would greatly broaden the case against the House of Lords if it was to throw out these bills.

The agitation against the House of Lords on the Home-rule Bill has not proceeded very far. At the autumnal meetings in the constituencies at which the members of the House of Commons render to the electors an account of their services during the Parliamentary session, the radicals have adopted resolutions condemning the Lords in accordance with the sentiment of the manifesto of the National Liberal Federation. But so far there have been no great demonstrations against the Upper Chamber, and none of the popular outbursts of indignation which followed the action of the House of Lords in 1884, when it showed a disposition to delay the measure of Parliamentary reform which subsequently enfranchised two millions of voters in the rural and mining constituencies.

## "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A LIST OF WORLD'S FAIR SUBJECTS PICTORIALLY TREATED IN THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

1753. Officers of the World's Columbian Commission.

1763. Colonel George R. Davis, Director-General. Hon. James A. McKenzie, Chief Assistant.

1778. Proposed Plans and Sites.

1789. The Government Building. The Sham Battle-ship.

1791. Bird's-eye View.

1792. The Woman's Building. Miss Minerva Parker. Columbian Monument. Queen Isabella Pavilion.

1793. The Electrical Building. The Mine Building.

1794. The Agricultural Building. The Administration Building

1795. View looking south through the Lagoon.

1796. The Pier and the Casino.

1797. The Machinery Hall.

1800. The Transportation Building. The Horticultural Building.

1805. The Administration Building.

1806. World's Fair Officers—Moses P. Handy; Hon. Benjamin Butterworth; Halsey E. Ives; W. T. Baker; Charles L. Hutchinson; Anthony F. Seeberger.

1811. View of the Art Building.

1812. World's Fair Commissioners Abroad.

1813. The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.

1818. The Massachusetts Building.

1822. The Present State of the Grounds and Buildings—Six Illustrations.

1826. Bird's-eye View of the Buildings and Grounds as they will appear in 1893—Four-page Supplement.

1829. A Visit to the Roof of the Woman's Building.

1832. The Allegorical Group of War for the Administration Building.

1833. Sketches of World's Fair Buildings—Five Illustrations.

1834. Proposed New York State Building—the Van Rensselaer Manor-House. The Art Institute. The Administration, the Mines, and the Electricity Buildings.

1835. Working under Canvas on the Mines Building.

1837. The Congressional Visit to Chicago.

1838. The Statue of "The Republic." Placing Exterior Decorations.

1839. One of the large Iron Arches for the Machinery Building in Place. Plasterers at Work.

1840. The Great Derrick.

1841. The Grand Court.

1842. Bits about the Grounds—Four Illustrations.

1843. The Pennsylvania State Building. In the Designing-Room, Bureau of Construction.

1845. The Buildings from the Wooded Island. A Sculptor's Studio. Details of the Fisheries Building. Sunday Visitors at Jackson Park. Workers in Staff. Constructing the Manufactures Building. The North Dakota Building. The Wisconsin Building. The Government Building.

1848. Quitting Hour at Jackson Park.

1849. Pay-Day at the Fair Grounds.

1853. Portion of West Front of the Agricultural Building.

1854. Buildings in Course of Construction—Nine Illustrations.

1858. Figure of "Fire" for Machinery Hall. The British Building. Models for Live-stock Entrance.

1859. The Manufactures Building—View from Lake Shore. The Minnesota Building. The Georgia Building. The Ohio Building. The New York Building.

1861. Pediment for Agricultural Building.

1863. Interior of Manufactures Building, showing Base of one of the great Arches.

1365. The Golden Doorway—Main Entrance to Transportation Building. The Manufactures Building, looking northeast. The Administration Building. Statues for the Agricultural Building. South End of the Mines Building. The Algerian Village. The Workmen's Noonday Meal.

1867. Architectural Bits at the World's Fair.

1871. The Dedication Ceremonies in the Manufactures Building. Mural Decorations in the Manufactures Building. The Triumphal Arch and some Street Decorations. The New York Building. Dedication Ceremonies: the Grand Court.

1875. The Horticultural Building.

1876. The Gallery of Fine Arts.

1878. Decoration at the southern Entrance of the Agricultural Building.

1880. A Group of State Buildings—Indiana, Rhode Island, Iowa, West Virginia, Kansas, Connecticut, South Dakota, Arkansas, and Illinois Buildings.

1882. The Woman's Building.

1884. The Kalsomining Machine for covering large Surfaces.

1888. The Statue of "The Republic."

1890. East Entrance to the Horticultural Building.

1891. At Work on the Japanese Building. Buildings at the Columbian Exposition—the Utah, Haiti, Clam-bake, Maryland, Missouri, and Florida Buildings.

1893. The United States Corner in the Manufactures Building.

1894. Finishing the large Statues.

1895. Unpacking Exhibits in the Art Gallery.

1896. South Entrance to the Electricity Building.

1899. South Entrance to the Manufactures Building. The Opening Ceremonies—the Presidential Party; President Cleveland passing the Manufactures Building; Introducing President Cleveland to the Foreign Commissioners; looking towards Fountain and Manufactures Building; looking south across Plaza east of Administration Building at the Moment the President touched the Button. The Midway Plaisance. The Central Power Plant annexed to Machinery Hall. The Golden Doorway to the Transportation Building. General View of the Buildings from the Lake, and the Peristyle as seen from the Grand Court (Four-page Supplement). The Chicago Hussars.

1900. The Sunday Crowd besieging the Gates. The German Village. The Turks and their Sedan Chair in the Midway Plaisance. Wall of the Hungarian Village. Entrance to the Turkish Theatre. Javanese at Work. Dedication of the Swedish Building.

1901. The Macmonnies Fountain in the Grand Court. The Obelisk and Entrance to the Stock Pavilion. North Entrance to the Machinery Building.

1902. South Entrance to the Mines Building. Hooden, or Phœnix Hall. The Boone and Crocket Club. The Missouri Building.

1903. Sunday opening of the Fair—the Crowd entering the Grounds. Venetian Gondolas on the Lagoon.

1904. In the Manufactures Building. In and about the Midway Plaisance.

1905. In the Terminal Station. Big Guns in the War Department, Government Building. The Grand Court at Night—Electrical Illumination of Macmonnies's Fountain and the Administration Building.

1906. Dedication of the German Building. The World's Congress of Beauty in the Procession. An Egyptian Marriage in the Cairo Street. Procession of Foreign Peoples from the Midway Plaisance.

1907. In the India Building. The great Ferris Wheel.

1908. The Fourth of July Crowds going to the Fair Grounds

1909. Burning of the Cold-storage Warehouse.

1911. Half-Way up the Ferris Wheel. An Evening Concert near the Administration Building. The Johnson Family on the Midway Plaisance.

1912. The Johnson Family visit Jackson Park in the Evening.

1913. The Johnson Family visit the Dahoman Village.

1914. An Evening at Old Vienna. The Post-office in the Government Building. The Johnson Family in Cairo Street.

1915. A Hot Day at the Fair. An Evening on the Lagoon. Mr. Johnson hires a Roller-Chair.

1916. Aboard the Battle-Ship. British Empire Day at the Fair-trooping the Colors. Visitors in the Fisheries Building. The Johnson Family in the Esquimau Village.

1917. In the Cairo Street. The Johnson Family visit Lady Aberdeen's Irish Village and Blarney Castle.

1918. The English Military Tournament. Section of a great Ocean Steamship in the Transportation Building. The Johnson Family visit the Village of the South Sea Islanders. The Lake Shore, looking north.

1919. At the Javanese Theatre in Midway Plaisance. The Russian Horse Exhibit. The Johnson Family ride in a Gondola.

1919. At the Arab Fantasiya.

1920. The Midway Plaisance at Night. The Johnson Family witness the Drill of the Life-saving Crew. The Dance of the Dahomans in the Midway Plaisance.

1921. The Grand Arch of the Peristyle. The Johnson Family visit the Lapland Village.

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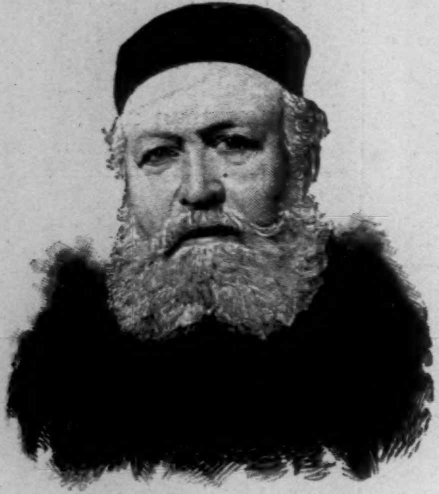
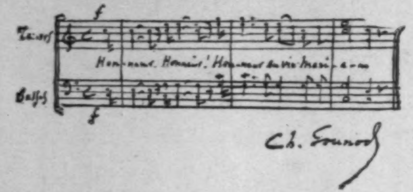
# CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES AND VIN MARIANI.

It is often asserted that notoriety is not fame; but, although this may be perfectly true in respect of individuals, it does not hold good in regard to certain products. Notoriety on the part of a medicinal preparation is but a synonym for popularity. For example, a Tonic Wine which for many years throughout Europe has been recognized by the Medical Profession as the "Tonic *par excellence,*" and which in our country has also won universal esteem, is known as "Vin Mariani" (Mariani Wine). Now, if there be one thing more than another that strikes the attention in reference to this remarkable Tonic, it is the unreservedly favorable reception which it has invariably received and the enthusiasm it has called forth on the part of those who have availed themselves of its tonic and rejuvenescent properties.

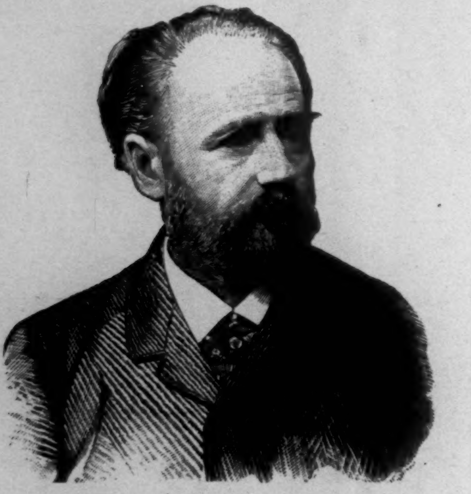
This is no idle boast, for documentary evidence of its unrivalled and otherwise unprecedented popularity is to be found in a highly interesting and artistic work known to the favored few as the "Album Mariani." This Album is being published in France, and when completed will comprise no fewer than fourteen volumes, containing upwards of 600 etched portraits, by Adolphe Lalauze, of persons of distinction in the world of Authors, Composers, Physicians, Lawyers, Churchmen, Painters, Lyric and Dramatic Artists, Statesmen, Journalists, and Poets, who have, as if by mutual collaboration, extended appropriate words of praise for the services rendered to each individually for the beneficial results obtained from the use of this famous wine, "à la coca," bearing Monsieur Mariani's name.



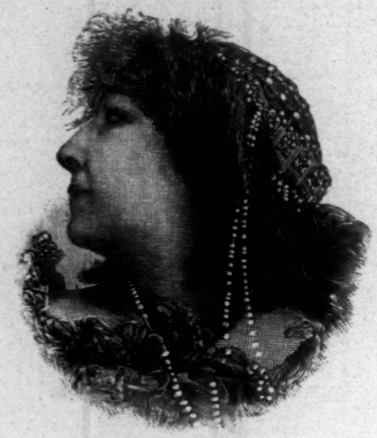
CHARLES GOUNOD.



The mere enumeration of the celebrities who thus testify to the properties of "Vin Mariani" would take up more space than we can devote to it, however convincing such a recapitulation would be. Gounod, the composer of so many entrancing melodies, writes to M. Mariani to congratulate him on his "admirable wine, which has so often rescued me from exhaustion"; Henry Irving, the exponent of histrionic art, "has found it excellent, and is well convinced of its quality"; Ambroise Thomas, the operatic composer and the Director of the Paris Conservatoire, who has so largely contributed to raise musical art in France to its present position, declares himself constrained by feelings of gratitude "to sing praises of Mariani Wine"; Victorien Sardou, the well-known dramatic author, proclaims in poetic rhythm, "that one is tempted to feel unwell and depressed in order to have an excuse for resorting to Mariani Wine, so agreeable to the palate is this unfailing tonic"; Emile Zola writes to Monsieur Mariani, quoting from his recent book, "Doctor Pascal," Chapter XI.: "The Elixir of Life, which combats human debility, the one real cause of every ill; a veritable scientific fountain of youth, which, in giving vigor, health and energy, would create an entirely new and superior race." From his Eminence the late Cardinal Lavigerie: "Your admirable wine, which has conferred on my 'White Fathers' the strength and courage to undertake the civilization of Asia and Africa." We note appropriate words of praise from Adelina Patti, Albani, Eames, Capoul, De Reszke, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt; in fact, a gorgeous array of artists in the Lyric and Dramatic Profession, whose arduous duties call for just such a reliable tonic stimulant. The late Sir Morell Mackenzie wrote, "I have much pleasure in stating that I have used 'Vin Mariani' for many years, and consider it a valuable stimulant and particularly serviceable in the case of vocalists."



ÉMILE ZOLA.

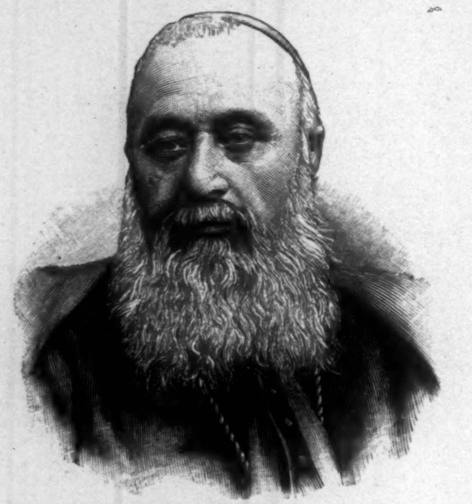


SARAH BERNHARDT.

These are but a few autographs culled from among thousands. Their sincerity cannot be called into question, for no motive save that of hearty satisfaction could have induced men so eminent in their respective domains, and so far from each other, to testify independently, though with a common accord, to the efficacy of this restorer of the vital forces which hastens convalescence and remedies mental and physical exhaustion.

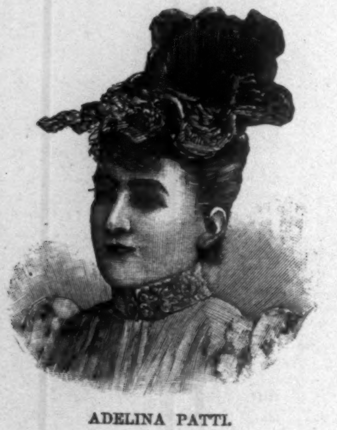
Mariani, in his researches, found that from the earliest times the Coca plant has been in use in South America. The various authors of books on travel and on European conquests, such as Oviedo, Pedro Cieca de Leon, Zarate, Lopez de Gomara, and others, describe, in glowing colors, the great esteem in which it has always been held by the natives.

It is difficult to judge of the feelings of the men who arrived in an unknown land, dazzled at the sight of a profusion of gold, scattered in palaces, in temples, and even in the most simple dwellings, whose eyes shone with covetousness on seeing so many riches, which they came from so far to take away, and for the conquest of which they would commit the most atrocious acts—acts unworthy not only of Christians, but even of barbarians—when they saw that the gold for which they had such savage avidity was almost disdained by the natives, who instead attached a priceless value to a little insignificant-looking leaf. What could be the marvellous properties of this leaf, which circulated in place of money, and which truly was in some way a sacred leaf, since it figured in sacrifices, and was found in temples and on statues of idols?



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

Invaders conquered and enslaved these people. Not only did they dispossess them of their riches, and torture them to extract more and more gold from them, but they degraded them to be beasts of burden, compelled them to carry heavy, bulky weights over the rugged and steep mountains, and made them even run ahead of their horses; and the unfortunate natives were not overcome by the terrible fatigues, sufficient to exhaust and kill any human being, walking daily long distances, carrying despatches, running night and day, deprived of nourishment, not even finding on arid rocks water to quench their thirst.

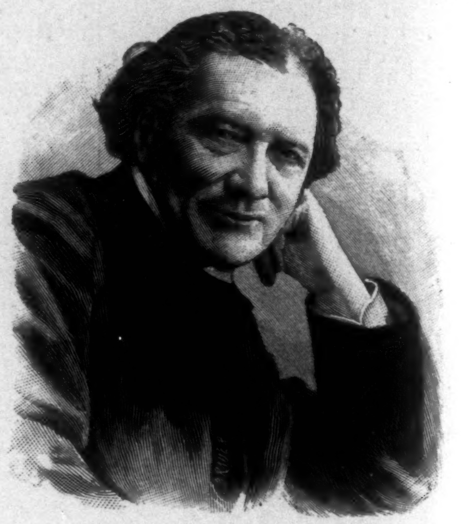


ADELINA PATTI.

How could they bear such almost superhuman labor, even be cheerful and gay, healthy, and not suffer a moment with prostration? They had in their mouths a small quantity of Coca, and that was sufficient to refresh them, to cheer them, and to give them new strength. They called it "The Divine Plant," attributing to it the most wonderful properties.

In Peru, under the dynasty of the Incas, Coca was considered as a representation of the Divinity, and the fields where it grew were venerated as sanctuaries. The natives made talismans of the plant; through it they obtained favors of fortune, triumphs in love, the cure of disease, and relief from pain; it made oracles speak, and rendered responses less ominous; its presence in their homes kept away all accidents and crime.

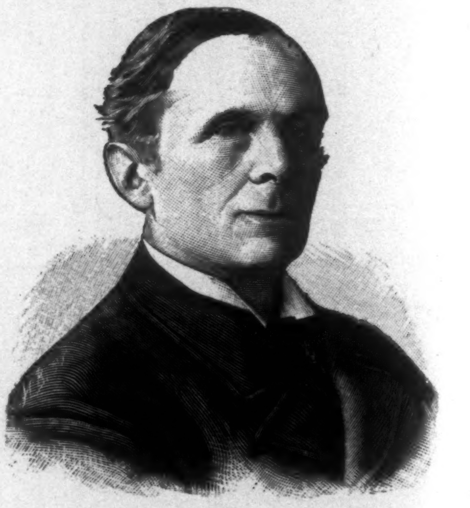
Nor must it be supposed that the many legends which are attached to Coca are as fabulous as they seem; when disengaged from the superstition which surrounds them they only prove the precious virtues of "The Divine Plant." Thus, the natives would not dare to visit the sepulchres of their dead without chewing some leaves of Coca. In point of fact, the exhalations from the tombs of the country are unhealthy, and produce a poisonous action upon the nervous system—an action efficaciously combated by the tonic properties of the Coca.



VICTORIEN SARDOU.

Again, it was believed that metals could not be extracted from the mountains if the workmen did not chew the sacred leaf. The truth is, the strengthening juice of Coca gave the miners the necessary energy to strike effective blows; and due consideration of each of the marvellous tales current among the Peruvians might show that the superstitious side is only an exaggeration of the truth. It is certain that, suffering from a lack of substantial food and forced to perform arduous labor, it is Coca which in part makes up to them the want of nourishment.

Based on the extraordinary reputation of Coca in its native country, Mariani, the well-known chemist, was the first to popularize Coca in Europe, over thirty years ago; he made a careful study of the subject, published a number of important books on Coca, which can be found in the library of nearly every physician; he produced his marvellous wine, and after repeated clinical tests as to its efficacy, in which he had the collaboration of such authorities as Professors See, Dechambre, Gubler, Beaumetz, and Fauvel in France, Serge Botkin in Russia, Lennox Browne and Morell Mackenzie in England, Zawerthal Massei and Cozzolino in Italy, and Elsberg and Fordyce Barker in the United States, it is now known as "Vin Mariani," is the most popular tonic stimulant, and has the confidence of the medical profession throughout Europe as well as in this country.

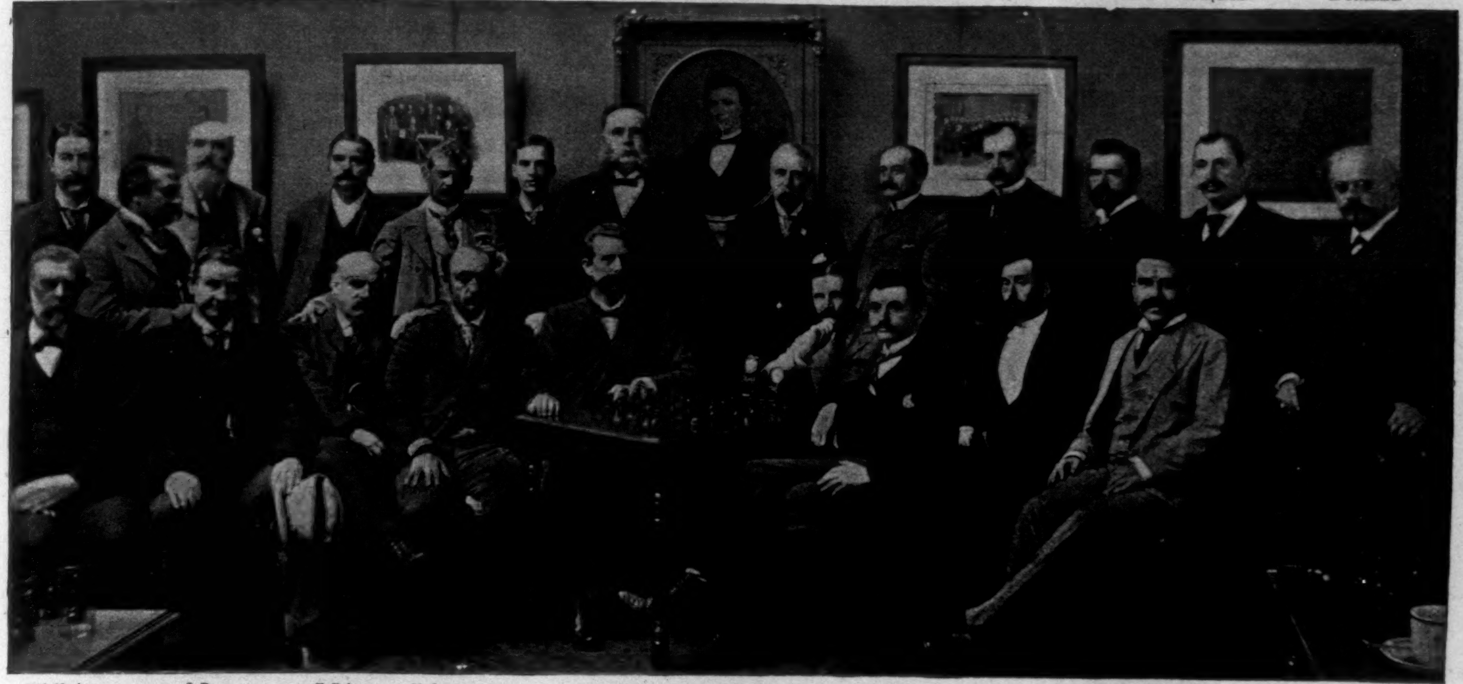


SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

Briefly stated, "Vin Mariani" is a perfectly safe and reliable diffusible stimulant and tonic; a powerful aid to digestion and assimilation; admirably adapted for children, invalids, and convalescents. It improves the appetite, and also has a remarkable effect in strengthening the voice and in maintaining its tone. For these purposes it is largely employed by clergymen, actors, *et hoc genus omne* who are called upon to speak in public.

A pamphlet has been called to our attention dated from the New York offices of Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th Street, which contains a collection of portraits and autographs of celebrities who have benefited by the use of "Vin Mariani." If you send for the pamphlet you will receive it, and we accept *d' advance* your thanks, as we know it will be interesting and appreciated.

W. H. K. Pollock. H. Cassel. G. H. D. Gossip. F. J. Lee. Ad. Albin. H. N. Pillsbury. M. Frankel. A. F. Higgins, President. W. Bigelow, Vice-President. E. W. Dahl. F. G. Janish. S. Lipshutz. L. Goldmark.



J'M. Hanham. J. Ryan. E. Delmar. N. Jasnogrodsky. J. W. Showalter. L. Schmidt. E. Lasker. T. Taubenhaus. E. N. Olly.

CHAMPION CHESS-PLAYERS.

## CHESS CHAMPIONS.

THE Columbian Chess Congress, projected last summer, failing to materialize, the Manhattan Chess Club therefore determined to bring about the impromptu international chess tournament recently finished.

Emanuel Lasker, of Berlin, champion of England, secured the first prize, making a clean score of 13 wins out of a possible 13. Adolph Albin, of Austria, received second prize, with a score of 8½ won, 4½ lost; while F. J. Lee, of England, Eugene Delmar, of New York, and Jackson W. Showalter, champion of America, divided the third, fourth, and fifth prizes, each having a score of 8 won, 5 lost.

Lasker's score is remarkable in that he has made two new records for international tournament play—for winning twelve consecutive games and for winning every game played, but it should be remembered that none of the recognized leading chess masters of the world, say Steinitz, Tarrasch, Tschigorin, Weiss, Gunsburg, Blackburn, Winawer, Burn, Mason, played against him. Nevertheless, the uncertainty of tournament play, the almost unvaried ease of Lasker's wins, and his splendid end-play strategy prove him a chess star of exceptional brilliancy.

Pollock was clearly out of form, owing to poor health; so were Gossip and Jasnogrodsky. Schmidt and Olly distinguished their play by fugitive games of high spirit.

The greatest surprise of the whole result is the score of Pillsbury. The young Bostonian was looked upon as a sure second-prize taker when the contest started. His games were won by brilliant combinations and middle-game play. In fact, he seemed to have overlooked that a drawn game counted a half win; for in the games with Albin, Delmar, and Lasker, he might have secured draws. This last game was the hardest of all the champion's wins. Pillsbury, at twenty, is an accomplished chess strategist; a little weak in end play, and with inexperience at tournament play, together with a certain impatience, which will be corrected later on. He has shown that he has in him positive chess genius.

The following is the correct score of all the players who contested the impromptu international tournament:

| | Albin | Delmar | Gossip | Hanham | Jasnogrodsky | Lasker | Lee | Olly | Pillsbury | Pollock | Ryan | Schmidt | Showalter | Taubenhaus | Total Won |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. Albin | .. | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | ½ | 8½ |
| Eugene Delmar | 0 | .. | ½ | 0 | 1 | 0 | ½ | 1 | 1 | 1 | ½ | 1 | ½ | 1 | 8 |
| G. H. D. Gossip | 0 | ½ | .. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | ½ | 0 | ½ | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2½ |
| J'Moore Hanham | 0 | 1 | 0 | .. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | ½ | 7½ |
| N. Jasnogrodsky | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | .. | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| E. Lasker | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | .. | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 13 |
| F. J. Lee | 0 | ½ | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | .. | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | ½ | 8 |
| E. N. Olly | 1 | 0 | ½ | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | .. | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3½ |
| H. N. Pillsbury | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | .. | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 7 |
| W. H. K. Pollock | 1 | 0 | ½ | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | .. | 0 | 0 | ½ | 1 | 5 |
| J. S. Ryan | 1 | ½ | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | .. | 0 | 0 | ½ | 5 |
| L. Schmidt | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | .. | 0 | 0 | 5 |
| J. W. Showalter | 0 | ½ | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | ½ | 1 | 1 | .. | 1 | 8 |
| T. Taubenhaus | ½ | 0 | 1 | ½ | 1 | 0 | ½ | 1 | 0 | 0 | ½ | 1 | 0 | .. | 6 |
| Total lost | 4½ | 5 | 10½ | 5½ | 9 | 0 | 5 | 9½ | 6 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 7 | 91 |

## AMATEVR - SPORT

SINCE THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS have recovered the use of their sea-legs something like a correct estimate of their abilities can be made on the showing of the second match with Philadelphia. Allowing for the wonderful improvement in the quality of Philadelphia's play (which is tantamount to saying of American play), and for the queer manner in which the wickets at Manheim (rendered doubly treacherous by the rain) played, there can be no doubt that the present Australian team is vastly inferior to Murdoch's eleven. The present team is particularly weak in bowling and fielding; for although Trumble was quite successful with the ball on a bowler's wicket, and although the score of the Philadelphians would have been smaller even than it was if the fielding had been decently good, the visitors owed more of their success at Manheim to the weak-hearted batting of their opponents than they did to the skill of their own trundlers.

As for their fielding, it was about as miserable an exhibition of fumbling and muffing as it has been my lot to witness in a first-class match in recent years. The visitors seemed to be utterly unable either to judge a catch or to hold on to it when they had it fairly in their hands.

COMPARED WITH THE FIELDING of former Australian elevens that have visited us it was atrocious. Bannerman and Gregory were notable exceptions to the general slovenliness displayed by the Colonials in the field, both of these players manifesting a degree of keenness and general alertness in anticipating and fielding in balls that was in refreshing contrast to the work of their *confrères*. Even the mighty Blackham was not up to his old-time form; but this only corroborates the opinion expressed in this column in advance of the arrival of the team that the once great wicket-keeper has gone off in his play. The whole team seemed to be suffering from staleness superinduced by its long siege of hard work in England.

It cannot be said that the Australians showed any particular relish for the bowling of King, Bailey, and Clark. They played the Philadelphian bowling with a respect quite remarkable in a team of batsmen that had so recently played against the crack English bowlers with a fair degree of success. This of course speaks volumes for the quality of the local trundling, which, backed up as it was by really excellent fielding, was very deadly. Of the Philadelphian bowlers, Bailey and King were perhaps the most successful, both of them bothering the visitors to a considerable extent. The Australians, profiting by their experience at Elmwood, where their slow bowlers were unmercifully hammered, bowled a faster pace at Manheim with good results. Slow leg-breakers, once the bugbears of the Philadelphia batsmen, have long since lost their terrors.

The fielding of the locals was beyond praise. Every man on the team worked like a Trojan. The out-field covered lots of ground, and saved many boundary hits, while Wood and others took care of everything that came in their way.

THE BATTING OF PHILADELPHIA was very disappointing in the second match. After their fine display in the first match, it was confidently hoped that at least they would be able to make a good showing against the Australian bowling. Such was not the case, however. Trumble managed to strike a spot at the beginning of the Philadelphians' second inning, and from that point on he was simply unplayable. He secured three such wickets as Patterson's, Bailey's, and R. D. Brown's for no runs. Small as was the Philadelphians' total, it would have been much less if the Australians had shown any disposition to take even a moiety of the numerous chances given them to retire their opponents. It was a clear case of scare on the part of the native players; they were virtually "out" before they took their stand at the wickets. The Philadelphians seem always to be either all confidence or all fright. With the single exception of F. H. Bohlen, not one of them showed any defence at all. They played forward at short-pitched bailers, and in other ways displayed a lamentable lack of science. It was difficult to recognize in the timid half-hearted batsmen at Manheim the cool confident players of the previous week. The Australians clearly demonstrated their superiority to the Philadelphians on a difficult wicket. Their bowlers seemed to be able to take advantage of the peculiarities of the ground, while their batsmen displayed greater coolness and nerve than did their opponents.

PHILADELPHIANS HAVE NOT YET LEARNED TO PLAY on anything but a hard true wicket. This was shown during the visits of Lord Hawke's and the Irish Gentlemen's elevens, when the matches lost by them were played on treacherous pitches. It is on a soft or otherwise difficult wicket that a really scientific batsman is revealed. When on a hard true wicket the ball rises from the pitch without a particle of break or devil, there is but little credit in making a score. On such a wicket as the latter I very much doubt whether the Australians would be able to win from the American batsmen; but on such a sodden crease as that of Manheim they would probably win a majority of the games.

It would not be just to omit mention of the exceptionally meritorious batting of F. H. Bohlen. This gentleman completely outclassed his colleagues, and for that matter any of the batsmen on either side, his average of 102½ for three completed innings, made by sound defence and hard, clean, well-timed hitting, being sufficient to stamp him as a first-class man. His success was all the more gratifying because his selection as a member of the team had been made the subject of considerable adverse criticism.

In spite of their poor stick-work, the Philadelphians deserve a great deal of credit for the manner in which they kept down the Australians' score.

THE AUSTRALIANS HAD NO TROUBLE in defeating the eighteen alleged cricketers pitted against them in Boston. How in the name of all that is wonderful eighteen men could be disposed of for 27 runs passeth my comprehension. The New-Englanders should take up some game more in the line of their talents. They are evidently incapable of mastering the intricacies of cricket. Even Detroit, which has made small pretence to skill in the game, were able to score 74 runs in their match against the Australians. The New York eighteen managed to stand out against the visitors better than either Boston or Detroit; but, for all that, the trip of the Australians tells us over again that, outside of Philadelphia, there is no American cricket worthy the name.

YALE'S PLAY IS BEGINNING to take on something of the mark of their captain. While the general style of all Yale teams is distinctive, as compared with that of the other universities, each has borne the impress of its captain's character. McClung's team was a dodging, shifty one, full of resource. McCormick's was far less self-reliant, but had more steady, determined push. Hinkey's will play absolutely without regard to flesh and blood; will go where it is sent, even though against a wall. It will have none of the resourceful turning and twisting in emergencies of McClung, nor the open-and-push style of McCormick, but a silent teeth-set smash, smash, smash against the opponents. It will take a number of men to carry it through to a finish, and it will be a hazardous task to accomplish successfully.

McClung's team was never at a loss what to do. No better instance of its shifty ability could be found than in the Princeton game, when the Jersey men, profiting by watching the Harvard-Yale game, met and checkmated the entire play through the first half, only to find a new adversary in the second half, which scored upon them almost at will.

McCormick's team by steady pressure upon Harvard's centre gradually wore down into Harvard's goal until on the line at the call of time. Then in the second half they began the same open-and-push, open-and-push, until they carried the ball over, and this in spite of having all the time to make good the most blundering muffs and stopped kicks of the men behind the line. It was this weakness which all through sapped anything like self-reliance, and made it an uncertain team.

HINKEY'S TEAM WILL HAVE PROFITED by the lesson in that respect, and there will be more education instilled into his halves and backs upon these points. His team will be able to catch and punt, but their chief offensive is a hurling of first one man and then another against his opponents without cessation, and with a thoroughly reckless abandon. Hinkey has given them his own scorn of physical hurt, but he cannot give them his own ability to stand the work, and by November they will be pretty tender, unless eased up soon. Following out the regular lines of Yale's policy, little or no general team-work will be introduced until after the first of the final month, but by that time there will be no man ignorant of the ground-work of his position, and the coaches will therefore be able to give their entire attention to unity of action.

The return of De Witt throws a new light upon the half-back situation at New Haven. Not that he may displace Armstrong, who has been doing good, steady, improving work, but will crowd in for second half against Thorne, Hall, and Eaton. He is a better man than any of them naturally, but the lead of a month's practice is considerably in their favor. Graves lost his place to C. D. Bliss last year by being laid up three weeks with a bad knee. In those three weeks' enforced illness Bliss gained so upon him that Graves never could again overtake him. It may be so with Thorne and De Witt. A week or two will probably show. It is needless to add that we none of us put much faith in the report that De Witt will not go on the field. It is too hard for a good man to keep away.

THERE ARE ALSO MEN WHO SUGGEST that Morris is too good to be caught by Adee now at quarter. Morris has been remarkably steady for a new man, and shown few

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weaknesses, but for all that, I should be inclined to pick Adee as Hinkey's probable choice, on account of his greater experience, which is considered so valuable in a quarter. That it will be a struggle between them, however, goes without saying.

Hinkey seems to be rather partial to Treadway, a comparatively new end, and since Cochran has been laid off with a broken nose this man has been putting in such good work that he is reasonably sure to be taken as a substitute. He is one of last year's Freshman crew, but is lively and seems to have a pretty good idea of end play. He gets pocketed occasionally, but is a hard tackler when he reaches his man, and does not crowd out of the way easily. He is too slow in running to completely fill the requirements of the position, but so, for the matter of that, is Greenway.

That Murphy is going to make a place in this year's Yale team at tackle is already fairly evident to those who follow the practice closely. He is far surer of it than Messler, although at present these two would be the make-up. Yale seems to be alliterative in that position. Last year it was Winter and Wallis; this year Murphy and Messler. Murphy has, both in his play in the scrub and the 'varsity, shown that his side of the line is hard to break, and in the Dartmouth game, after a few attempts to run through on either side, the Dartmouth captain chose Messler's as the weaker, and jammed it repeatedly for gains. Murphy's strongest point is his quickness. He makes up his mind instantly on the start, and shoots in at his man, getting him low and hard. He has much to learn, of course, but coacher Rhodes will find in him a very clever pupil.

**With Messler there appears** to be something wrong. He is powerful, and much more agile than he was last year, but both scrub and outside teams seem to find their way through him. They tangle him up in the mass, and crowd their runner over or by him with an exasperating frequency that would have driven Wally Winter mad. It does not look like a lack of hard work, but more the complaint that has afflicted much of the Harvard material this season, namely, a want of knowledge as to what to do after getting through the line, or, more properly, an inability to think quickly enough in diagnosing the play.

In fact Chadwick and Holcombe are pushing Messler very hard, and in the Amherst game showed up to good advantage. Chadwick is a little too eager, and gets off-side, but he is a fierce tackler, and carries his man clear off his feet when he strikes him. There may be more to say of these two after Rhodes has had a turn at them.

Stillman received quite a bad hurt in the Dartmouth game in meeting a wedge, and Hinkey replaced him with Beard, but since the game the injury has turned out more serious than was expected, and it may give Beard a more permanent opportunity of playing centre. Beard is greatly improved over his form of last season, but he does not overwork himself upon any occasion. That has been his stumbling-block always, and it enabled McCrea to beat him out for the position of guard last year. He is big, strong, and well made, of the kind that seldom suffers a wrench or sprain, but he lacks steam, and, while not a "quitter," has not the spirit that will lead a man up to his limit when facing a strong opponent.

Armstrong has made himself sure of one of the half-back places, and he deserves to succeed. There is no stone wall that he will not go into if sent, and a more rugged little chap never wore canvas. He cannot handle punts well yet, and of course is not a kicker, but his running game is improving with every day of practice, and his following of interference shows more head-work than one would expect from a green man. The other open place behind the line is being contested with vigor. Thorne has a bit the lead, but Hall and Eaton are keeping the pace hot.

**Slowly but surely Harvard's eleven** is gaining strength. During the past week there has been a perceptible advance, especially in the number of men that get into every play. The coachers are hard at work, and never before in the history of football at Cambridge have there been so many graduate players working together for the common good, and at last there is a glimmer of light ahead for the crimson. Lewis, Mackie, and Newell are fixtures in the line, and have been from the first; so also Emmons would have been, but an injury has prevented, though of course he will be found in his old place later. None has shown greater improvement than Acton, heretofore an impossible guard, and he evidently will make a strong bid for the position, for he indeed seems to have "been born again" in football. Who will take the end next to Newell is still an open question, as thus far no one of the candidates has been satisfactory, though at present Stevenson, really a good man of much promise, has the call, but he is closely followed by Whittren and Collamore. The position of left-tackle is also vacant, and so many different men have been tried in the place at such short intervals that there has been hardly enough seen of any one to correctly estimate his ability. Beal and Johnson appeared to be best qualified last week; the former is a hard worker, if a little light.

**Back of the line Fairchild** seems to be firmly fixed in the position of quarter-back. He has improved considerably over last year, but he must not relax his efforts now nor fancy he knows it all. Brewer, of course, is full-back. Gray has been laid up with a bad ankle, but he, like Emmons, will be found doing business at the same old stand. Captain Waters and Corbett have done the most of the work, relieved every now and then by either Dunlap or Hoag.

Corbett, as usual, is easing up, and not going into the play with the dash which characterized his work at the beginning of the season, before the second eleven had learned how easily he could be stopped if taken rightly.

**John Corbett is a man with a record.** When Lake made his first appearance for Harvard, Corbett was with him, and to many who watched the two in that first season it was evident that Corbett was by far the more shifty player of the two, as well as the better all-round man, which means that while Lake played a straight hard plunging game of fair gains, and those made with regularity, Corbett was the more nimble both in foot and brain—would take quick advantage of a mistake of his opponents, seldom gave up his run without a final twist and dodge, which sometimes threw off the tacklers when his case looked the most hopeless, and finally was an excellent kicker both of punts and drops. Such a man was Corbett in his first year; but he has been steadily deteriorating ever since, and the last time he played for Harvard in a Yale game was the direct cause of half of Yale's score. No one can tell what sort of a game this man may put up. That he will at times play most phenomenally is thoroughly well known to those who have studied him, but that he will do this when wanted is beyond the power of coach or critic to know. He has been unreliable, and feels it himself; but there is no half back or back to-day that can match him on his good days.

**The eleven, as a whole,** is rapidly learning football, and as soon as the right men are found for the vacant places and allowed to remain there, it will not be many days before better team-play is seen on Jarvis Field than ever before.

Harvard interference begins, indeed, to have some character to it. For two years Yale has had such a lead in this respect that there was really no comparison between the two. Whatever the early practice and games might disclose, when the two systems were brought face to face, Harvard's seemed like the ragged attempt of a scrub organization, while Yale's came off with a machinelike precision that looked to be the easiest thing in the world, as it would swing McClung or Bliss up into the line and past the opponents with one smooth sweep. There will be no such contrast at Springfield this year. Harvard has learned her lesson, and the coaches have already succeeded in drilling the men up to, perhaps, not finished form, but practical ideas of the movement and the correct place for each individual in the play. In the light of Acton's recent improvement at guard, the scarcity of good men for tackle, and the abundance of material for half-backs, it looks as if Captain Waters could make himself most valuable by going back to his old position—tackle—and filling the vacancy next to Emmons. This only, of course, in case Acton should develop good enough to pair Mackie, and if his playing on Friday against the "old grads" team is his best, he might as well be called out of the race now. If Highlands can handle him as he did, what would become of him against Yale or Pennsylvania? With Waters at tackle and a good man for right end, Harvard would have a line fit to meet Yale, and perfectly able to protect her runners.

**Pennsylvania's play has not been** what we might expect, even so early in the season, from the number of old men and the quality of material in the ranks. The scores they have rolled up have been good enough, but scores count for little when made against teams that are outclassed. The situation in a nutshell is that Pennsylvania has a rush line of heavy, strong men, nearly all of whom at this time are about half playing their positions, and backs that have much to learn in tackling and following interference. Captain Mackey will have his hands full correcting these faults before his team meets Princeton. With the backs tackling high, a well-guarded rush through the line is likely to result in a touch-down. Brute strength is not everything. Pennsylvania's defence is not strong, and unless brushed up they must win only by scoring more points than the opponent. It is easy now to win against weaker teams by using heavy backs, but in a game where every yard counts it will not avail. When Lehigh scored against them, it was through the line, and although the runner dodged well, he was fairly missed by Osgood, Vail, and Brooks. This kind of defensive work will be relished both by Princeton and Harvard; Abbott has been taught to fall down in front of interference the way Schoff used to do, but a careful runner, after tripping once or twice, will learn how to get around him.

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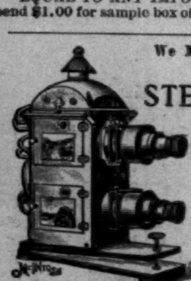

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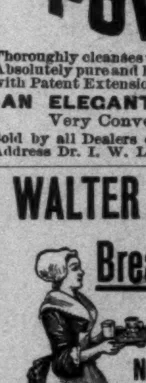

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WEAK THOUGH THE DEFENSIVE WORK MAY BE, Pennsylvania's offensive play is very strong. Her backs are her only real ground-gainers, but they are all fast, heavy runners. Osgood has brought with him from Cornell the run between tackle and end, and is a hard man to stop, for he is strong and fast. But he impresses me as inclining too much to "star" playing. It will not be wise for him to fancy that he is the only man who can advance the ball, or that he cannot be stopped; he will find both illusions dispelled before the season is over. His tackling is high and his interference simply miserable. When he has the ball, he does good work, but when one of the other halves has it, he is little else than a passive observer.

Knipe is the best leader of interference on the team, is a fair kicker, a steady man, and will be placed at full-back. He is faster than last year, and is learning how to dodge, also an improvement. He runs furiously at the line, and is a hard man to stop. Brooks (last year's Swarthmore captain) is a sort of preparatory school player, who has been accustomed to find his own opening, and do most of his work himself, therefore he does not use his interference very well. But he is a good kicker, has a fairly cool head, and handles punts with certainty. Though not so good a ground-gainer as Gilbert, the other half-back candidate, he will be chosen on his superior kicking. He gets more of a twist on the ball than did Thayer, and covers as much ground. It is surprising he kicks so well, for he seems to miss that key-note of all successful kicking—dropping the ball straight. His drop-kicking is weak on this account; much inferior to that of Thayer's. As a ground-gainer he has much to learn; first of all, not to turn his back when he runs into the line.

THORNTON IS THE MOST PROMISING man for centre at present, having passed Wagenhurst; but coach Woodruff's brother (who is taking a medical course in football) is to be tried, and if he can get into shape will be what is commonly termed a "terror." He weighs 193 pounds stripped, is very quick, the fastest runner and most powerful man on the team, hard as iron, and handles Oliver in a scrimmage as though he were a baby. He has been laid off so much because of a bad knee that it is doubtful if he can be taught enough football to fill centre or Reese's place at right tackle. Thornton is not aggressive enough, and allows his *vis-à-vis* to steal yards on him in a game.

Wharton is sure of right guard and Oliver of left, though the latter has been tried at his old place, tackle, and may finally be put there, especially if Woodruff can be worked into shape for one of the centre positions.

Simmons has been passed in the race for end by both Rosengarten and Abbott. Gilbert is too valuable a ground-gainer to be lost to the team, and it is quite likely he may be given a trial at end. Mackey will play at left tackle (Lehigh got through him too often), and probably Reese at right.

As a whole, the men do not follow and assist their runner enough; it is their great and vital fault.

The Princeton line is strong, and can play a careful defensive game; besides, her backs can tackle, whereas Pennsylvania's line is not together, and just now her backs make a botch of tackling. Princeton will surely be able to gain, and the question is, can Pennsylvania's heavy backs overcome Princeton's strong defensive play, and only two weeks to the game?

THE PRINCETON-CORNELL GAME (46–0, in favor of the former) showed that Princeton is exceptionally strong in defensive work and weak and uncertain in offensive play. They have not had so strong a line since '90, and at no time have they been so weak behind it. Not a man back of the forwards (King excepted) is up to 'varsity form. Allen punts well when there is nothing to bother him, and there his merit ends. He is slow in getting away, weak on interference, runs high, and is unreliable on play requiring prompt and certain action; Rosengarten is a brilliant runner on occasion, and shows more promise than the others from his dodging, but he also runs high, has the great fault of running back to get round a man, does not follow interference, and hits the line as though he were afraid of it. Ward goes well when he gets started, except that he also runs high, and follows interference better than the others. All these men run so high that they are easy marks for a tackler, and are very slow in taking the ball and getting under way. None of them bucks the line as does Barnett, who is much lighter, almost too light for the place. As for fumbling, they do so much of it that is inexcusable even at this time of the season, especially inside the twenty-five-yard line. These weaknesses, fatal ones, require quick and careful attention, and Princeton had better begin correcting them immediately. They need such coaching behind the line as Aleck Moffatt could give them, and very likely he can bring Blake and Burt up to the necessary form at full back; both are steadier than Allen.

WERE IT NOT FOR KING, Princeton would indeed be in a bad way back of the line. He is unquestionably the life of every play behind the forwards, and Captain Trenchard was wise in putting him at quarter, where his activity—and especially his remarkable tackling—may be used to the best advantage. He goes back on a kick by the other side, and thus will get an occasional opportunity for a run; at such times he should follow interference better, or, rather, Princeton should develop some for him to follow.

With Balliet, Hall, Wheeler, Lea, Holly, Trenchard, and McCauley, Princeton has a line stronger to-day than either Yale's or Harvard's or Pennsylvania's, and it should be equal to whatever calls are made upon it in the games next month. Taylor has made great improvement, and will make a first-class substitute guard, as he is a bit slow for tackle. Balliet is now playing quicker than last year, and the new rule of no centre interference greatly favors his game. Trenchard played a hard, clever game at end Saturday, even if one Cornell runner did get past him. Wheeler bids fair to end the season as the first guard of the year, and Holly is coming around into fine form; so also is Lea. But with all this good material the desired end will not be attained if the offensive play is not stronger and the backs do no better work than they did against Cornell.

CORNELL'S GAME WAS DISAPPOINTING; it was not so good as we had expected, judging from last year's advance in football, nor was it so good as the team has played this year. They showed the want of practice and coaching, and played as one would expect about the second week of the season. The line was loose, the tackling high, and the interference *nil*. The only good thing they did was the flying wedge, which they used for the kick-off play invariably. Physically Cornell has a fine lot of men, and if they work hard for the next two weeks there is no reason why they should not make a good showing in their game against Harvard.

NOTHING SO FULLY SHOWS the development of football as the improvement in its literature. All of us remember the amusingly incorrect newspaper reports of matches only a few years ago. Then Walter Camp began his missionary work among the unenlightened, following it up with the little annual which the Messrs. Spalding Brothers publish. Later he gave to the football reading public his *American Football*, a football classic. Following this, Carl M. Johanson, of Cornell, brought forth a useful little primer, and now Messrs. A. A. Stagg and H. L. Williams have just published the most elaborate and practical pocket manual that beginners in the game have yet had their attention called to. Stagg and Williams are both well known, the former as Yale's end rusher in '88–'89, and one of the closest and most thorough students of the game, and Williams as the Yale half-back in '90, and a player who has thought out and brought many new plays to practical success. There are chapters for beginners and spectators on team-play, tactics, training, and on the several positions, but the most valuable features of the work are the sixty-nine full-page diagrams of plays, showing the exact position of each player in offence and defence, with explanatory descriptions, and instruction on interference. In this way over one hundred plays are fully described. It is an extremely useful book for all beginners in football. It is a book every one interested in the subject should add to his collection of football literature.

YACHTING LEFT US NO SPACE LAST WEEK for the football scores, and they are brought up to date, October 21st, in this issue.

October 7, Yale, 16; Crescent A. C., 0. Harvard, 32; Amherst, 0. Princeton, 20; Lehigh, 0. Univ. of Pa., 34; Columbia A. C., 0. West Point Cadets, 36; Lafayette, 0. Univ. of Virginia, 36; Richmond College, 6. Wesleyan, 18; Trinity, 0. October 11, Univ. of Pa., 34; Annapolis Cadets, 0. October 13, Wesleyan, 18; Amherst, 12. October 14, Harvard, 52; Williams, 0. Yale, 28; Dartmouth, 0. Princeton, 26; Crescent, 0. Cornell, 18; Union, 6. Annapolis, 26; Dickinson, 0. Lehigh, 18; West Point, 0. Amherst, 14; Technology, 6. New York A. C., 14; Rutgers, 0. Boston A. C., 6; Brown, 0. Orange A. C., 6; Lafayette, 0. October 18, Yale, 52; Amherst, 0. Princeton, 8; Lawrenceville, 4. Univ. of Pa., 32; Lehigh, 6. Wesleyan, 14; Trinity, 6. Williams, 12; Union, 6. October 21, Harvard, 36; Dartmouth, 0. Yale, 50; Orange A. C., 0. Princeton, 46; Cornell, 0. Univ. of Pa., 40; Crescent A. C., 0. Annapolis, 28; Univ. of Virginia, 0. West Point, 12; Amherst, 4. Wesleyan, 16; Tufts, 14. Brown, 34; Trinity, 0.

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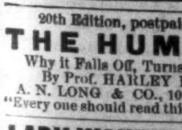

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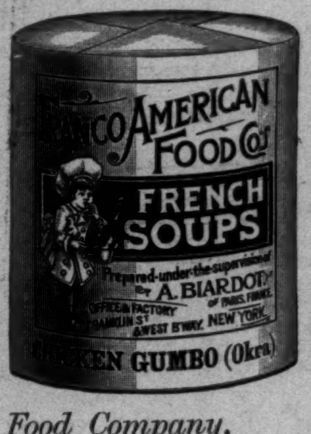

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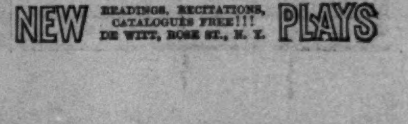

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